

Reviews by  
C. J. Driver,  
Bernard Crick,  
Charles Causley,  
Margaret Meek







# The Hun-hating Member for Air

By Arthur Calder-Marshall

MICHAEL KETTLE:  
Salome's Last Vell  
The Libel Case of the Century  
320pp. Granada. £8.95.

On May 29, 1918, there opened at the Old Bailey a farce which for six days distracted the weary British from the horrifying war which appeared, after losses unparalleled in history, to be heading for defeat.

An obscure publication, the *Vigilante*, owned by ex-Squadron Leader Noel Pemberton-Billing, Independent MP for East Herts, had printed on February 16, the following front-page announcement:

*The Cult of the Clitoris*  
To be a member of Maud Allan's private performances in Oscar Wilde's *Salome* one has to apply to a Miss Valpurg, of 9, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C. If Scotland Yard were to seize the list of these members I have no doubt they would secure the names of several thousand of the first 47,000.

Only readers of the earlier numbers of the *Vigilante* (secretly financed by the Morning Post) and its predecessor the *Imperialist* (secretly financed by Lord Beaverbrook, until Lloyd George bought him off by making him Minister of Information) could have understood the particular subtleties of this obscene libel.

Pemberton-Billing had been inviting prosecution for months by asserting that Lord Rosebery's son Noel Primrose, Chief Whip to Herbert Asquith, the late Prime Minister, had been in possession of a German "Black Book", more than a thousand pages in length, containing the names of actual or potential sodomites and lesbians. It was a most catholic miscellany, the names of privy councillors, young of the chorus, wives of cabinet ministers, dancing girls, even cabinet ministers themselves, while diplomats, poets, bankers, editors, newspaper proprietors, and members of the House of Commons followed each other with no order of precedence [sic].

Though prominent members of the British establishment had been circulated with these articles, no prosecution had taken place. Michael Kettle, despite his diligent research, cannot confirm whether such a Black Book existed; but it seems likely that during the First World War both the Germans and the British compiled dossiers on

people who could be influenced through ideology, blackmail or corruption to turn traitor, as they certainly did during the Second World War. To prosecute Pemberton-Billing, however, would have been the height of folly. He had to be silenced some other way.

"The Cult of the Clitoris" was a splendid excuse, though Lord Beaverbrook was in a fix, because one of his subordinates in the Ministry of Information had been planning to send to Holland a theatrical company under J. T. Grein (a Dutchman naturalized thirty years before) in a repertory which included Maud Allan in *Salome*. Beaverbrook denied any connection between his ministry and J. T. Grein. But when Grein and Maud Allan brought actions for obscene and defamatory libel against Billing, the Crown took over on their behalf, because the charges were criminal.

Until the publication of this book, nobody has had a clear idea of precisely what was going on, either in the courts or behind the scenes. Michael Kettle is to be congratulated on his exciting research (as are his publishers on their pleasingly decorative binding). But the difficulties of unravelling an extraordinarily complex story are apparent even in the title. If Maud Allan's career had been ruined by the case *Salome's Last Vell* would have had some meaning. Though the subtitle gives some clue to the contents, Mr Kettle would have found an apter reference to his theme in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*: "Away then, come, seek the conspirators."

And how uncoordinated these conspirators were! There was the Coashoon mob, led by Lloyd George, who complained that Billing was dangerous because "he doesn't want anything"; the Services gang who wanted more cannon-fodder, and the Asquith crowd, anxious to regain power. There were freelancers like Lieutenant-Colonel Ropington and Major-General Frederick Maurice, officers turned military journalists having been dismissed the services: nutcases like the paranoid American, Captain Spencer, a mythomane discharged on grounds of mental illness; adventure like Eileen Gray, who began life as daughter of an unsuccessful traveler in Colgate's toothpaste, became the mistress of Lord Rosebery's son, the Honourable Noel Primrose, married a businessman and, reportedly, died in battle, bigamously married Captain Percival Grandison

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126 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1



"Le client sérieux," a monotype print by Degas which was sold in London last April for £5,000. It is included in *Art at Auction: The Year at Sotheby Parke Bernet 1976-77* (512pp Sotheby Parke Bernet. £12.50). Another illustration is on page 1407.

Villiers-Stuart. And most contradictory of all was Noel Pemberton-Billing, popularly known as the Member for Air, on account of his searching parliamentary questions about the use of aircraft in war.

How sincere was he? He had left the forces in 1916, at a time when he was in his thirties and conscription had been introduced for men up to the age of forty. As a Member for Air, he was about to enter secret talks in Holland for a negotiated peace, the generals wished to use the case to overthrow Lloyd George's Coalition, and install in its place a government which would support the war until the American Expeditionary Force lent their weight to the enfeebled Allies. At the Old Bailey the hearing was adjourned until May 29. Billing pleaded that all the defamatory matter alleged in *Salome's Last Vell* was untrue, and that he was a "laid, unchaste, and immoral woman", about to give private performances of an obscene and indecent nature "so designed as to foster and encourage obscene and unnatural practices among women" "addicted to obscene and unnatural practices". Billing announced that he intended to defend himself, a move which gave him virtual immunity, since the judge could not send him down for contempt of court without suspending the case.

The Government was not idle during the adjournment. They instructed a Mrs Eileen Villiers-Stuart to approach Billing with an offer to provide evidence of "the disgusting devices adopted by the late Oscar Wilde" being produced by women high up in naval and military circles. The aim was to discredit Billing and the generals in a male brothel. But Mrs Villiers-Stuart immediately succumbed to Billing's charm and became both his mistress and one of his most witnesses in the existence of the Black Book. His other main witness, Captain Spencer, agreed to perjure himself to support her story.

Abandoning the judicial role, the government appointed the acting Lord Chief Justice, Darling. Darling, despite his fondness for judicial wickerwork, was highly regarded for resolute stumping up. Unfortunately, he was a little lacking in vigour, and his attitude was verging on obesity and equally incapable of controlling his own prejudice and Billing's disregard of the law. Leading counsel for the prosecution was Ellis Hume-Williams, who lacked the acumen of his junior, Travers Humphreys. Pemberton-Billing first discredited Mr Justice Darling by asserting that his name appeared among the 47,000 potential traitors in the Black Book, and then Hume-Williams by revealing that Mrs Villiers-Stuart had revealed the existence of the Black Book to Hume-Williams, who had taken no action.

The most successful prosecution ploy was to insist on the three charges being tried separately and urged to take the defamatory libel of *Salome's Last Vell*. This deprived Billing of the chance of attacking Grein as an enemy ally and a homosexual (neither of which he was). But Billing, who had been

four years an actor, made up in melodrama what he lacked in law. He revealed that Maud Allan's brother had murdered two young girls in San Francisco and violated them after death—in a church belfry. He then produced medical evidence that sodomy was a congenital condition; and so by implication Maud Allan was Salome was imitating her brother's crime.

This took Darling and Hume-Williams out of their depth. So far from being versed in Krafft-Ebbing and sadomasochism, neither of them even knew the meaning of the word "orgasm". Billing romped away, casting aspersions right and left; on Margot Asquith as a lesbian and Mrs Keppel, Edward VIII's mistress, as a German agent. Lord Alfred Douglas was lured into the box in the hope of getting a swipe at the Royal Navy who spent their time in the Munchausen tales of Captain Spencer with the Black Book in the court of the King of Albania, and of Mrs Villiers-Stuart with Noel Primrose in the seclusion of Ripley. It had no effect. The judge who was Maud Allan was laid, unchaste, etc. Mr Justice Darling could, or would not prevent it all being vomited out in Court and the general public leaping it up next morning in the press.

Billing's tactics were so aggressive that the prosecution and the judge failed to expose the appalling weaknesses in his case. Captain Spencer's evidence was a tissue of lies, but no effort was made to prove that he had been discharged from the service on the grounds of insanity. Mrs Villiers-Stuart was even more vulnerable. But if the prosecution had taxed her with being Billing's mistress, she would have confessed that she had not followed the government's instructions as an agent provocateur.

Apart from his liaison with Mrs Villiers-Stuart, Billing had performed another sexual duty prior to his trial. In Mr Kettle's words: "The Christian Science Movement, oddly enough, had decided that Billing was the Saviour, Christ the King, come to redeem them in this moment of national peril." They deputed a senior member of the movement, a woman, to travel to the United States, to plead before the Supreme Court, and to secure the release of the day. A child was conceived.

Though the prosecution can be forgiven for not anticipating the issue of this untidy union, it is astonishing that it did not reveal to the jury that this professional hater was married to a Prussian lady, the most abhorred of all Germans.

At the end of this scandalous trial Billing retreated to his country house. He had never accused her of being a lesbian. He had pleaded that she was a "laid, unchaste and immoral woman" but produced no evidence to prove it. The prosecution did not make this point, neither does Mr Kettle. Mr Justice Darling summed up the case for the prosecution after retiring for only eighty-five minutes the jury found in his favour.

Was this a defeat for the Welsh Wizard? I think not. If you look for the name of Pemberton-Billing in the post-war reminiscences of Lloyd George and others, you will find that he does not exist. He has been obliterated in the quicksand of minutes the jury found in his favour.

But how, some readers may ask, could Pemberton-Billing slink away untraced? I can give one answer. An author who helped Lloyd George write his memoirs told me that he was appalled at having his name and the cabinet papers on which they were based, torn up before his eyes. When he asked why, Lloyd George replied, "I don't follow what you are writing in HISTORY."

Mr Kettle has had, therefore, to speculate. If I have any criticism it is that he might have speculated on the real reasons for the case, precisely where evidence ended and speculation began.

## FICTION

### Patience in Caernarfon

By Russell Davies

KATE ROBERTS:

Feet in Chains

Translated by Idwal Walters and John Idris Jones  
133pp. Cardiff: John Jones. £3.25.

It is now too late to convince the literary world that Wales is not necessarily a land of sentimental hyperbole and beer? Probably so; South Wales are an energetic and noisy race, possessing simultaneously a knack for cheerfully self-destructive behaviour and a profound longing for self-destruction. The coalmining industry, moreover, has encouraged their tendency to behave dramatically for it has provided them not merely with a lively sense of injustice but also, by the height of the slate industry's fortunes, very little happened in the region that was not first processed by a sort of quarrymen's senate, called the Caban. The industry itself, however, was organized in an extremely loose and haphazard way, with freelance workers bargaining with exhausting frequency for their erratic contracts. The men may have looked for all the world like miners, and acted on occasion like madmen, but they were still lonely and independent shepherds at heart. From this alone, it can be seen that Kate Roberts's preferred locale, as well as being one of the few pockets of concentration labour in a region otherwise wildly rural, has remarkably idiosyncratic traditions. Miss Roberts's work stands as a reproach to those of her own people who are not averse to playing the role of the generic Taif.

The present novel dates from 1936, its title in Welsh *Fydd Aelwyn Cychion* will perhaps raise expectations of a struggle with the earth and with the bosses; but these expectations are confounded. When the phrase "feet in chains" occurs in the text, to be sure, it is in the context of a character's infuriated wonderment at his workmates' reluctance to unionize. It is a political matter. But the phrase has wider and deeper critical implications, fulfilled only in the last chapter, in the words of Miss Owen, a college-educated son who is gradually merging again with the background he had threatened

to escape, is suddenly moved to act again: "that was what was wrong with his people. They were courageous in their capacity to endure pain, but would do nothing to get rid of what caused that pain." This sounds, in isolation, like the standard left-wing cry of 1936 (as it might have been heard in more distant deprived countries, such as Spain); but in the context of Miss Roberts's undramatic, elliptical narrative, it seems a good deal less strident. It is a pre-political critique: not an indictment to the throwing off of chains, but a contribution to the realization that the chains are there, forged by several centuries of simple stoicism in a working landscape which, if not inhospitable by some standards, could well be called ungenerous.

In a picture of a society that is too patient for its own good, there is necessarily very little satisfaction for the devotee of the psychological novel. These and a half decades pass in the 130 pages of *Feet in Chains*: no space to accommodate outstanding characters. Even Jane Gruffydd, glimpsed first as a hot-and-bothered young wife at an open-air preaching festival in 1930, and then followed through into grandmotherhood, is not much more than a starting-point for the familial history, and a marker of its progress through time. Sympathy and narrative points of view nurse different characters at different times, according to which of the Gruffydd children currently has a problem symptomatic of the general scene: the difficulty of meeting a lover undetected; financial backstabbing among the quarrymen; a departure to the town for a college education; a death in the Great War. It takes the war itself to blow a breath of change through the community, not so much by killing off its sons, oddly enough, as by sending round a military pensions officer who makes arbitrary cuts in widows' allowances because they happen to keep the odd hen. This is the last on which things happen in Miss Roberts's country; these are the injustices that must eventually bring change.

### Wildness in the Congo

By Robert Brain

WILLIAM HARRISON:

Africana

252pp. Hamish Hamilton. £3.95.

*Africana* is billed as "an adventure novel, an impressionistic history, a fable, and a dash of philosophical argument." The adventure, Leo, is a soldier of fortune who has been in the service of white feudal lords in Kenya, the Ewe of Togoland, and Southern Rhodesia. Sir Roy Welensky sends him arms and the British government once paid him bribes not to fight on behalf of the Kabaka. The novel describes his futile but lucrative efforts on behalf of Tshombe and Ojukwu, seized by Val and Harry Val, a "queen of the underworld". Val becomes pregnant by Leo but prefers to make love to Harry. Harry is a Vietnam veteran with an unflinching faith in American masculine values and a taste for violence. He has a fatal flaw, however, an inability for normal domesticity. He ends up "dies" in a Kibira bridge with Val and a cushy job with the CIA. Leo has a more romantic end. Adorned with knives, bayonets, a necklace of grenades, a 45-aren gun, a 7.62 rifle, a portable mortar, an M7 submachine gun and the appropriate ammunition, he spends the last three pages of the novel mowing down a crowd of bathos on a Mombasa beach.

The fable, Leo, is the leopard, symbol of violence and wild beauty. He is a predator, a hunter, a killer, who goes to the end and comes back to her master. For a while Val is Leo's feline. On the banks of the river Kasai, in a makeshift hut of mud and branches, he is visited by a real leopard and a couple of cracked ribs. Holmes disappears, potentially to be kept—and Watson is left as the detective, who must

publishing operating from Cardiff—to learn something of the life that has been led in the privacy of the Caernarfonshire mountains. It should be understood, though, that there is really nothing "typical of the North" in the life Kate Roberts describes. She is an author of extremely localized interests, in the geographical sense. Ever since she began writing, in the mid-1920s, she is now eighty-six, and living in Denbigh—she has been returning in imagination to her homeland in the slate-quarrying country inland from the shoulder of the Lleyn peninsula. This area is a law unto itself, and not just metaphorically; it is the odds, for the two lovers featured in *Junie* are a forty-six-year-old man and a nineteen-year-old girl—a man separated from his family and a girl obsessed by the thought of her divorced parents; a man who, surveying his past love affairs, sees them as a series of abuses and humiliations, and a girl who specializes in slightly cruel men with whom passivity is acceptable. Taken in isolation, each of these oppositions lends itself to maudlin speculation; woven together, they invite over-excited psychologizing. Philip Callow avoids these snares: he allows no single predicament to become the focus of interest, but lets each stand alone as an additional fact about his characters.

David Lowry and Janine are introduced over Jan and lemon curd in Wiltshire. He is an ex-Gas Board employee turned lecturer, who is mild with his acquaintances and alternately abject and raging with his women. Janine is convincing both about the interest of its characters and about the fact that curiosity can survive a certain amount of misery.

Robert Lee Hall:  
Exit Sherlock Holmes  
238pp. John Murray. £3.95.  
It is 1903, and Moriarty has reappeared in London. Holmes, like Holmes, some knowledge of the "Eastern art of baritsu, which teaches one how to fall as well as fight", he escaped the plunge over the Reichenbach Falls with no more than a few fractures in his left leg, visited by a real leopard and a couple of cracked ribs. Holmes disappears, potentially to be kept—and Watson is left as the detective, who must

The leopard seems to follow Val to his death in the Congo, on the high hills; and the Africans, "drinking blood and singing to the moon", worship it.

The philosophy: the leopard provides a theme of mystical violence, a theme of philosophical celebration. William Harrison *Rollerball*. Violence is set against tameness, the wild against the domestic, war against peace, the individual against the group, man against woman. Leo tells his men to fight, not for a fucking material necessity and comforts—and not to save our bleeding homes and families—but for poetry! Domestically it is not civilization it is the bloody enemy!

The history: if Leo and the leopard represent wild nature, Harrison's poem, and printed normality and order. Dog, like the dog, is described as soft and pink-bellied, symbol of the tame and the domestic; he is a seeker after peace and order, culture as opposed to nature. Neo Leo's camp the leopard fills its belly with puddles and spaniels. "Wild and male", says Leo, "is slender and intelligent and beautiful." They have a high social order and laugh and play games! All that is needed of a domestic animal is that he's fat and greedy and over-sexed! Now, Dag Hammarskjöld consumes a lot of cheese and Peanut Clusters, wine and Pepsi. And

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when he leaves for the Congo on his fatal mission he clutches a newspaper picture of Val, the newspapers' mott, in her low-cut jeans and open shirt. A wild sexuality swamps his dream of ordering chaos in Africa; he dies not far from the hideout of the Elit Riffes, a vision of Val before his eyes. The rest of the history is only slightly less offensive, African leaders providing the light relief for the fabulous adventures of Val and Harry. Tshombe tries to make his voice more lion-like; Mobutu watches Cornet Wild movies.

Four books in one—and almost as many styles. The adventure is neatly told; the fable has simple, fairy-tale cadences; and the philosophy, poem, and printed normality and order. Dog, like the dog, is described as soft and pink-bellied, symbol of the tame and the domestic; he is a seeker after peace and order, culture as opposed to nature. Neo Leo's camp the leopard fills its belly with puddles and spaniels. "Wild and male", says Leo, "is slender and intelligent and beautiful." They have a high social order and laugh and play games! All that is needed of a domestic animal is that he's fat and greedy and over-sexed! Now, Dag Hammarskjöld consumes a lot of cheese and Peanut Clusters, wine and Pepsi. And

find out something about his friend's life before he can help him in the struggle against the arch-fiend. Robert Lee Hall's addition to the series is far more interesting than most; it catches Watson's fussy, prosiness well, and the atmosphere has the authentic fog and hansom cab flavour. But the plot loses its grip when it strays into fantasy—a region which Conan Doyle explored, but never in company with Holmes, whose chief characteristic is his ability to explain the inexplicable, or seemingly supernatural, in terms of the real.

T. J. Blaydon

### Unhappiness in Swindon

By Susannah Clapp

PHILIP CALLOW:

Janine

148pp. Bodley Head. £3.50.

It is a tribute to the precision of Philip Callow's writing that his new novel, which concentrates with single-minded closeness on a peculiarly problematic love affair, never loses sight of its characters by talking of situations and relationships. Clear-sightedness is maintained against the odds, for the two lovers featured in *Janine* are a forty-six-year-old man and a nineteen-year-old girl—a man separated from his family and a girl obsessed by the thought of her divorced parents; a man who, surveying his past love affairs, sees them as a series of abuses and humiliations, and a girl who specializes in slightly cruel men with whom passivity is acceptable. Taken in isolation, each of these oppositions lends itself to maudlin speculation; woven together, they invite over-excited psychologizing. Philip Callow avoids these snares: he allows no single predicament to become the focus of interest, but lets each stand alone as an additional fact about his characters.

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Unhappiness isn't always a reason for people to leave each other; Janine is convincing both about the interest of its characters and about the fact that curiosity can survive a certain amount of misery.

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## The Ghana Archive of the Basel Mission 1829-1917

This is a new publication in microfilm prepared under the auspices of the African Studies Association of the United Kingdom. The project concerns the Ghana Archive for the period from the landing of the first Basel missionaries in Accra to the major crisis in the Mission's work in Ghana, caused by the internment of its missionaries during the First World War.

The core of the collection is an approximately 15,000 document series of letters and reports sent to Basel from Ghana between 1829 and 1917. This Archive provides not only detailed insight into the development of the Basel Mission church, but also consists of the only regular series of reports from a number of inland areas in Ghana in the 19th century and is explicit, if not comprehensive, in its reporting on political, economic and social affairs.

The language of the Archive is German with the prevalence of the old German handwriting, the *Schreibschrift*. Approximately 500 English reports are preserved from Ghanaian churches and the collection will also include all the English language helps towards the using of the Archive produced by Hans Debrunner and Paul Jenkins.

The collection is contained on 170 reels of 35mm microfilm and further details may be obtained from EP Microfilm Limited, Bedford Road, East Ardsley, Wakefield, West Yorkshire WF3 2JN. Telephone Wakefield 433777.

## Preaching and pluralism

By Kenneth O. Morgan

GRANVILLE EASTWOOD:

Harold Laski  
Introduction by James Callaghan  
173pp. Oxford: Mowbray. £7.50.

Daniel Moynihan, while American ambassador to the United Nations, commented ruefully on how the leaders of the emergent nations of Africa and Asia had learnt their political ideas from the British Labour Party and the London School of Economics. It was no doubt the influence of Harold Laski that he had largely in mind. Throughout the inter-war years, Laski was the inspiration for a generation of students from every continent, the mentor of rising politicians from Krishna Menon to Kennedy. He was also extraordinarily productive as a publicist in the socialist press and as an academic writer on political theory and institutions. In active politics, he bridged the worlds of the Left Bank and the Right Bank. Front like a pocket colossus. He belongs to the legends of the 1930s as much as do Jarrow, Munich and Guernica. When Churchill and the Beaverbrook press tried to use Laski as a red bogey during the 1945 General Election, they were denouncing one of the most charismatic and controversial figures in British public life.

Yet since that time Laski's name and reputation have gone into almost total eclipse. In part, there may be a personal explanation. Laski's erratic role in 1945 and his ill-considered libel action against an obscure Nottingham newspaper (which had claimed that he had advocated revolution) helped to undermine him. More than that, his works now seem curiously dated. His various books on government, even the mighty *Grammar of Politics*, seldom excite discussion. Nevertheless, Laski's towering place in British intellectual and political history deserves to be resurrected. His books on government, even the mighty *Grammar of Politics*, seldom excite discussion. Nevertheless, Laski's towering place in British intellectual and political history deserves to be resurrected. His books on government, even the mighty *Grammar of Politics*, seldom excite discussion. Nevertheless, Laski's towering place in British intellectual and political history deserves to be resurrected.



Laski by Low, from Low's Autobiography (Michael Joseph, 1956)

extraordinary warmth, kindness and humanity that Laski showed towards his many students. Some personal instances are also recalled by the Prime Minister, Mr. Callaghan, in a revealing and helpful foreword. A vivid impression comes across of an extraordinarily brilliant teacher, consumed by the pursuit of truth, setting his own faith, as he advised his students to do, against 'the experience of mankind'. Second, there was Laski's academic rigour. He was a meticulous scholar, a do-it-justice and he omits mention of perhaps Laski's most worthwhile book, a study of English political ideas from Locke to Bentham. But

he does bring out the significance of Laski's constant concern with the idea of sovereignty. An independent and absolute sovereign state, he wrote in the *Grammar*, was 'incompatible with the interests of humanity'. Political relations should become functional and power decentralized. His plea was for a pluralist system in which sovereignty would be located in a diversity of institutions and social groups. This pluralism—what he emphasized the social and economic aspects rather than the legal and juristic—had implications for Laski's third career, perhaps his most unrequited in the long term, as Labour Party activist.

His was a ceaselessly ringing voice on the Labour left, calling for 'unity' with the Soviet Union in the 1930s, demanding that the experience of total war after 1939 be harnessed to promote a social commonwealth through a 'revolution by consent', advising an obdurate Attlee in 1945 that his acceptance of the premiership must depend on the sanction of the party national executive, and that he should attend the Potsdam conference 'as an observer only'. Here Laski too often lost contact with political reality. What Attlee regarded as his 'constant flow of speeches and interviews' as party chairman merely confirmed Labour's traditional distrust of 'intellectuals'. The Labour Party since 1945 has seldom drawn from Laski's brand of theoretical Marxism.

For all that, his career is much more than a period piece. It is a moving tale of how a man of transparent honesty and integrity strove to reconcile centralist planning with a more libertarian and pluralist view of socialism, and how a Jewish middle-class teacher, consumed by the pursuit of truth, setting his own faith, as he advised his students to do, against 'the experience of mankind'. Second, there was Laski's academic rigour. He was a meticulous scholar, a do-it-justice and he omits mention of perhaps Laski's most worthwhile book, a study of English political ideas from Locke to Bentham. But

## Speaking for welfare

By David Martin

D. A. REISMAN:

Richard Titmuss  
Welfare and Society  
192pp. Heinemann. £6. Paperback, £2.50.

The LSE is not notorious for sanctity but Richard Titmuss was widely revered as a canny secular saint. He was preeminently the spokesman of welfare. He largely invented the subject of Social Administration and then showed by his own practice what it did not exist. The art of the social administrator, as practised by Titmuss, combined economics and sociology. Yet both his economics and his sociology were tailored to his intellectual needs and purpose-built for political and moral objectives. So Titmuss may be thought of as a self-made sociologist, economist and moral philosopher who devoted himself to the meaning and role of welfare.

He was also a statistician, who worked on such issues as insurance and population, but he knew the limits of mere accountancy. It is more important to account for than to add and subtract. The key concepts were cost and benefit. But what is the real cost and what is the true benefit? There are more hidden costs and more uncounted benefits than are obvious. The dreams of So cost and benefit were set on a much wider, humane canvas: the stigma, the universal stranger, the gift—especially the gift of blood. When Titmuss moved in these areas, he was almost a theologian, and certainly, as D. A. Reisman points out in *Richard Titmuss: Welfare and Society*, the legitimate heir to Tawney.

Titmuss was deeply conservative in that he saw social policy as restorative. Policy existed to that people could live in amity and

community. His kind of social democracy, decent, ethical and gradualist, tried to recover the patrimony, not to destroy it. He even saw war as an obstacle, a midwife, releasing potentialities for social healing; wealth not illth.

Since Titmuss built economics and sociology to his own single-minded vision he needs to be criticized by an economist and a sociologist. Dr Reisman is an economist at the University of Surrey and is admirably qualified for the critical role. He expounds the ideas of Titmuss with clarity and sympathy and manages to present a critique which comes both from right and left. On the left hand he criticizes Titmuss for his neglect of participation; on the right hand he discusses the virtues of voucher systems. He also has a firm grasp of the options which face the decision-maker: equity and equality, selectivity and universality, individual liberty and collective responsibility, charity and compensation, cost-effectiveness and social justice, universal altruism and the charity which begins at home. These are the large alternatives, within which serious discussion of policy has to take place.

Dr Reisman allows Titmuss to speak for himself, for example in the four concise chapters which indict the failure of the market mechanism. The next has been defended because it leads to results which are quantitatively and qualitatively superior, because it allows greater scope for choice and is cheaper and more efficient. Titmuss puts what appears to be devastating arguments against each of these defences. Yet Dr Reisman's comments at least weaken the impact of Titmuss's arguments. He begins by suggesting that Titmuss was more a political economist than an economist. He goes on to say that Titmuss neglected to provide an adequate analysis of four fundamental variables: scarcity, choice, growth and pattern-maintenance (integration). Oddly

enough Titmuss recognized the role of scarcity in Tanganyika and accepted the utility of the price barrier as a gatekeeper in a situation where all wants could not be met nor all needs satisfied. Of course, Tanganyika was not Britain but Titmuss's rejection of user-charges in the British context left untouched the vital functions of the state. The demand for information, and the comparison and coordination of alternative ends.

This is a bald summary, but underlying Dr Reisman's comments is a rather different social vision to that of Richard Titmuss, one in which plurality and diversity are encouraged, where power is dispersed and the ways of the consumer sensitively regulated. Reisman argues that vouchers (for example) mean an end to coerced conformity and stimulate tolerance of multiple life-styles.

Dr Reisman is probably a liberal; Richard Titmuss was certainly a socialist. It is a very good book that allows a major social philosopher to make his case and yet confronts that case with a nicely modulated liberal critique.

In *The Study of Politics* (322pp. Frank Cass. £12.50) Preston K. has edited a collection of the most significant of the inaugural lectures on politics presented in Britain in this century. Sixteen addresses, from 1826 to 1966, are included among the speakers are Harold Bernard Crick. The book offers the student of general politics an overview of how the discipline has developed over forty years, during which politics was defined for the first time as a separate branch of study distinct from law, philosophy, history, and other disciplines. The introduction, briefly, describes the authors and the history of the chairs of politics that have been established since the first one in 1812.

## For the general good

By Paul Addison

JOSE HARRIS:

William Beveridge  
488pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford  
University Press. £9.50.

In November 1942 Sir William Beveridge was one among a number of great administrators who could look back on a long and influential career, and forward to a substantial obituary in *The Times*. As a social reformer before 1914 he had established labour exchanges and helped to bring in unemployment insurance. In the First World War his schemes for the control of labour and the organization of food rationing had made him one of the driving forces behind the experiment in state planning of the economy. Much of his time between the wars had been spent as director of the London School of Economics, building up its teaching staff and accommodation, and eventually directing his academic colleagues in authority. Now in the Second World War he was a mildly frustrated Posh-Ball. He enjoyed being Master of University College, Oxford, was in his element devising the schedule of reserved occupations, and still held an important government post as chairman of the Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee. But like Lord Riech he believed that he never obtained the full power and scope which his gifts warranted.

All this was changed by the publication of the Beveridge Report on December 1, 1942: what the battle of El Alamein was doing for Montgomery at the same moment, *Social Insurance and Allied Services* did for Beveridge. He became famous throughout the 'Western' world as an impresario of one of the turning-points of history, and his fate is to go down in the textbooks for at least as the architect of the welfare state.

The people least likely to understand events are the people who live through them, and we are still overloaded with the clichés of the 1940s in thinking about Beveridge and his report. One reason is that Beveridge himself is a very odd cult figure to analyse. His work as a social scientist demands a considerable grasp of intellectual history, while his career as a public servant calls for specialist knowledge of the growth of government. He lived most of his life on paper, and it is much trickier to sort out the essentials from heaps of memoranda than from a life of action and emotion. Nor can his biographer hope for light relief on the way: if Beveridge ever cracked a joke, I have not come across it in José Harris's book, and his cheerful philistinism is well captured by a reference he made to the 'enchanted garden' of the arts.

Overcoming these obstacles, Mrs Harris has written a lucid, commanding and altogether first-class biography. The mass of specialized information is beautifully distilled, and from time to time the knottiest problems of interpretation are unravelled in a series of swift paragraphs. Above all her account is historically convincing. The text-book model in which humanitarianism, enlightenment and the welfare state all move forward in a straight line from one landmark to the next gives way to the usual complicated mess from which some sense can be extracted after all.

Beveridge had the good fortune to combine a strong instinctual sense of direction with a great flexibility of mind. His instinct was to go good to people, whether they wanted him to or not. His father was a district sessions judge in Bengal, his mother a thwarted Elizabeth Nightingale bent on India, his wife an Indian woman. No particular doctrine was instilled into the young Beveridge, but he absorbed unmistakable missionary traits of utilitarianism and evangelism which led him, to Tawney's Hall, and social investigation. Beveridge loved to collect social and economic facts, but as Mrs Harris explains he was never a purely empirical investigator. If he collected facts, he never left them as dead letters. He was always asking questions, and his own explanations of social problems, just as he wavered between positivism and idealism. He argued strongly that social scientists should abstain from policy-making and 'gloriously coincided' himself by his own actions. Analysing the development of his outlook over his career as a whole, Mrs Harris distinguishes three differing phases which she neatly clarifies his activities before 1914, he argued 'that some other

all social problems could be solved by sheer common sense and administrative organization, and that the scientific lines and supplanting the clash of interests by devotion to the general good.

His biography reminds us that capital and labour have not been the sole contenders for power in twentieth-century Britain: the professional classes, or a section of them at least, have pursued their own ambitions by pursuing the state. In Beveridge's youth the natural home of such ambitions was the Fabian Society, and it was no accident that Sidney and Beatrice Webb became lifelong mentors and friends. The Liberal Party, once it had collapsed into a powerless brains trust, was another congenial setting, and Beveridge was to sit briefly as a Liberal MP at the end of the Second World War. Beveridge's indifference to the struggle between profits and wages was genuine: on the Coal Commission of 1925 he felt equal contempt for the owners and the miners, and in the 1930s he denounced the Labour and Conservative Parties with equal force. For all his public activities Beveridge was too solitary or animal to join wholeheartedly in the work of any one party or group.

He was, we learn, a person of strong emotion, some of which struggled into commonplace expression. He loved dogs, Disneyland, children and old ladies—but not in general his adult equals. A domineering mother left him with strong inhibitions, and his energies were diverted from people around him towards humanity in the aggregate. It is not surprising that for some years he endured self-doubt and depression. His one passionate engagement with a fellow undergraduate at Balliol who killed himself through opium addiction, scarred him so badly that he may well have been deterred from later involvements.

Beveridge, however, quite liked overbearing women and did not run too far when they pursued him. In 1901 he married Mrs. Mary, the wife of a cousin in the Civil Service, and before long they were inseparable. Jessy managed his domestic life and later accompanied him as secretary to the Board of Trade, LSE and University College. At LSE she ran a kitchen, Cambridge which provoked jealousy among Beveridge's colleagues, and Beatrice Webb lamented the fact that Mrs. Mary had become a Fury and is in control of his house and his work-life. But after David's death, in 1942 she and Beveridge married and lived happily together for several years as Darby and Joan, or at least as Sidney and Beatrice. Whether the relationship was ever sexual is apparently uncertain.

Jessy was a significant figure in her own right: she brought in her own vision in the First World War and in many respects brought home the bacon in the Second. In 1941 Beveridge was setting himself up as a rival to the Minister of Labour, Ernest Bevin, in the field of manpower policy. Bevin was about to abandon the idea of an inquiry into social insurance when it occurred to him that he could sidestroke Beveridge by putting him in charge of it. Beveridge accepted 'grudgingly in the belief that only a technical chore was involved, but as he began to grasp the potential importance of the inquiry, it was Jessy who urged him on to 'preach against all gangsters... the spider web of interlocked big banks and big businessmen'.

The proposals of the Beveridge report, as Mrs Harris demonstrates, were not in themselves original. Nor were they the logical outcome of a lifelong philosophy, for Beveridge had no fixed creed and was to a surprising extent open-minded or uncertain in his thinking. As a young man he vacillated between positivism and environmentalism, and his own explanations of social problems, just as he wavered between positivism and idealism. He argued strongly that social scientists should abstain from policy-making and 'gloriously coincided' himself by his own actions. Analysing the development of his outlook over his career as a whole, Mrs Harris distinguishes three differing phases which she neatly clarifies his activities before 1914, he argued 'that some other

vention was not only compatible with a free market economy but would strengthen it. But after the First World War he lost faith in the administrative process and turned away from social policy to the advocacy of laissez-faire. His remedy for mass unemployment was to cut wages and set up penal camps for shirkers. During the 1930s, however, he began to move into a third phase of championing both social welfare and economic planning. (Incidentally it can be argued that this progression was by no means peculiar to Beveridge, the governing circle as a whole adopting similar shifts of strategy.)

From this perspective we can now see the Beveridge Report in a fresh context. The standard emphasis today is probably on the conservatism of the report, but this is an unhistorical view, for as Mrs Harris shows, it was the work of a man swinging to the left, and much further to the left than the report alone suggests. In the 1930s Beveridge was more impressed than has been generally realized by the system of economic planning in the Soviet Union. Keynes's *General Theory*, on the other hand, he rejected. After his move to Oxford in 1937 he became friends for the first time with G. D. H. Cole, and was noticeably influenced by him. Meanwhile his work on the Statutory Committee on Unemployment Insurance had brought him into fairly cordial relations with the trade unions, previously deeply suspicious of him. The common economy of the war years reinforced his faith in planning, of which the reform of social security was to be merely the first instalment. In drawing up his plans for full employment after the war, Beveridge assumed that only about 25 per cent of the national investment would remain in private hands. The ownership of the means of production, he wrote, was not one of the essential British liberties. As for the social security plan, Mrs Harris reminds us that it failed to eradicate poverty, was chiefly because the provision for benefits to be provided at subsistence level was never acted upon. But nor were many of Beveridge's other ideas. He would have favoured, for example, a health service based on a staff of full-time state-salaried doctors. Beveridge was already sixty-three when his report appeared, and his fervent belief in public spirit soon began to look old-fashioned. He lived out into the consumer society of the 1950s only to be baffled by the way things were going: the offspring of Toynbee Hall had reached the zenith of their influence in the previous decade and were passing from the scene.

The main criticism I have of Mrs Harris's book is the shortage of good gossip about Beveridge. In her introduction she tells us that he had been described to her personally as 'a man who wouldn't give a penny to a blind beggar' and as 'one of the kindest men who ever walked the earth'. Evidently Beveridge provoked strong reactions, and these are an important part of his story. Even if the majority of anecdotes still going the rounds are likely to be unreliable, as direct evidence they might explain why Beveridge was sometimes regarded as rather ludicrous, or even offensive. The Beveridge of these pages is allowed to retain too much of his dignity. In assessing Beveridge's ideas, Mrs Harris takes a creditably fine comb through his shortcomings and his excessive belief in social engineering, his authoritarian commitment to an intellectual aristocracy, his lack of understanding of the points of conflict in society.

As a good biographer should, however, she succeeds in awakening both understanding and sympathy for her subject. In this her task is helped by the fact that Beveridge was very much nicer as an old man than in youth or middle age. In time he lost most of his punitive instinct for disciplining the masses, and acquired a deeper compassion for the poor. His own words, 'I have seen the face of a hundred million people', are not empty. He was a hard-working man, he was busy to the end, and his dying words at the age of eighty-four would become his last: 'I have a thousand things to say'.

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# TLS Commentary

## Summer flowers

Light, flowery, delicate—all the adjectives which have given rococo art a bad name—come irresistibly to the pen when reviewing the British Museum's loan exhibition of French eighteenth-century landscape drawings and sketches (open until March 12). A rigorous ascent to the gallery and excessively bleak lighting cannot obscure a climate of high summer, appropriate to that age of optimism before the granaries emptied, before the terrible winter of 1788-89, before the angelic prophecies of the philosophers were put to the test. It is nature, what we see on the sheet or page, that other nature, man's indestructible human organization, is apparent in every confident and untroubled touch. Vivant, jolis et rieurs en masse; more, jolis et rieurs en molécules. N'être, vivre et passer, c'est changer de forme.

The exhibition is large and important and the title, 'Eighteenth Century French Landscape', slightly misleading. Silvestre, Patel, and Van der Meulen, old favourites from the Louvre's Cabinet des Dessins, are strictly outside the date limits and their timid pastels appear curiously old-fashioned when compared with the soft black chalk of the exemplary Bouchers or the flowery burnish of the sanguine as used by the two masters who brought that medium to perfection, Fragonard and Hubert Robert.

Green credit must go to the organizers for having chosen comparatively little known works, not all of them of obvious splendour. Among these may be counted a rare pen and ink by Gillot which depicts attempts to link it with Watteau's fides galantes, and an equally rare and surprisingly bad Watteau 'Finding of Moses' with a suggested date of 1717. A comparison with the British Museum's own drawings for the contemporary 'Embarkment pour Cythère' would encourage us to date it much later, probably towards the very end of Watteau's short life. Particularly precious in this context is Mariette's drawing of Cozart's garden at Montmorency, for Cozart was Watteau's patron, Watteau was guest in his house, and the sight of the rich and fashionable strolling languidly beneath the giant trees was to lodge in Watteau's memory and re-emerge in the guise of that sultry stage scene which falls into a reversal of half-hearted love to the sound of musical instruments in his most brilliant and sophisticated pictures.

Antia Brookner

## Fifty years on...

John Massfield's novel The Midnight Folk was reviewed in the TLS of December 1, 1927:

The *Midnight Folk* is a fantasy. Almost the whole of the action takes place in the mind of a little boy, Kay Harker, whom the author, Mr John Massfield, introduces to us as having passed an unhappy day. His governess had been even less sympathetic than usual, and he had no parent to mitigate her oppression and his brother or sister to share it. He lived in a country house where there were family portraits and in a period when country house people used carriages. Among his forebears was a sea captain, and there had been a rebellion to a treasure that had disappeared in a mysterious way from his ship, the *Plunderer*, during a visit paid in the course of this unhappy day by the boy's guardian, Sir Theobald. Some time after he had been sent to bed without his bread and milk he was aroused by his cat Nibbles, who led 'the way through a door hitherto unobserved', saying: 'Mind the stairs, they're a bit worn' for the sunless day to which they had passed. But there's lots of light. Take my paw as we go up.

Thus begins a series of tightly adventures in the course of which the history and whereabouts of the treasure are gradually disclosed until at last it is restored in the light of day to the priestess of the Spanish Main who are its rightful owners. In the search Kay meets all sorts of *Midnight Folk*, some of whom are helpers and some competitors. They include a rat, a bat, two other cats, an owl, an otter and a fox; adventurers with names of

Many of the drawings are unpopulated. There are a number of polite and deserted farmyard scenes, by Watteau, Wille, de Boissieu; there are the sweeping staircases of the Villa d'Este by Fragonard, with only a well-groomed laundress for articulation; there are two stunning panoramas of Paris by Lespinasse which would seem to be a record of the ideal city, an organic blend of spacious gardens and sunlit mansard roofs. There is a glorious view of the Tuileries by Hubert Robert, with a row of tiny figures basking in the sun and a gentleman in the foreground having his shoes cleaned by a young entrepreneur and his assistant, or possibly his eight-year-old brother. More figures come into view in the rare and superlative Pléminet skating scene, in which the crisp black chalk is thrown into wintry relief by the yellow ground of the faintly discoloured paper.

Of course one asks for more, particularly as large sections of two walls are filled with utterly expendable views by the uninteresting Van Blarenberghe family and the more variable Houel. One asks in particular for more Fragonard and more Hubert Robert, from the magnificent holdings at Besençon, especially as these masters appear totally unaltered by the process of time. The serene vitality of their Italian years—and most of their drawings exhibited are of Italian scenes—seems to have survived like the very essence of their youth. But there are compensations, particularly in the large selection of gouaches by Valenciennes, known principally for his tiny crystalline landscapes in the Louvre, where students are advised to compare them with the small scenes by Corot hung in the adjacent hall.

The larger sheets in the present exhibition show the similarity more strongly, especially the remarkable *Rome*, the *Tiber*, and *St. Peter's*, under a stormy sky. They are splendid architectural outlines, hurried by special light effects. A preference for warm earth tones and dark weather may surprise, may even carry one over to the realm of the Impressionists. Georges Millot, here represented by an excessive manicured street on the outskirts of Rome at sunset, done in the nineteenth century and conveying all the drama and sadness of the new era.



The work of Achille Beltrame was probably better known in Italy between 1890 and 1944 than that of any other artist with the possible exception of Leonardo. He produced thousands of drawings, which were printed in colour, and the front page of *La Domenica del Corriere*. They were nearly all based on photographs, though it is hardly likely that a cameraman accompanied d'Annunzio when he decided to fly over

Trieste dropping messages to announce to his little brother that their martyrdom was drawing to a close. Rizzoli, the publishers, are bringing out an edition of his drawings on paper, which will be a valuable addition to the collection of the British Museum and the Italian Institute (39 Belgrave Square, London SW1) is holding an exhibition of those with an English theme which will continue until December 9.

## Autumn blight

Jubilee Year finally bites the dust with a few late chrysanthemums scattered by the *Architectural Review*, whose November issue (54p, £1.50) commemorates the twenty-five years of the Queen's reign under the subtitle 'Living in Britain 1952-77'. It is guest-edited by Stephen Bayley, but the AR keeps a firm hand on the pen by reserving one column after the other for the other Jubilee contributions for editorial comment—which in many cases makes mincemeat out of what has gone before. 'We doubt Dr [Edward] Cooper's opinion that post-war travel has had much to do with changing tastes in clothes and architecture; rather, it is television that is responsible, since "the Britisher is by nature impervious to contacts with foreign parts". So much for Dr Cooper's considered piece on "The Getaway Gap", which does admittedly contain some fanciful notions—for instance, that in time people may "go in droves to admire the M6/A38 intersection" as they now admire Brian's Wall.

The reviewed Kay is still trailing clouds of glory in which, he entangles all these *Midnight Folk*, and they speak to him in a vigorous and expressive tongue largely based on tags from books and phrases unaccountably discarded. The book is addressed to children, and it is that it closes with a conventional happy ending to which perhaps Mr Massfield reconciled himself from the opportunity it afforded of getting level with his creature, the governess; he does have the good sense. Children should enjoy it and passages but they may find the wealth of allusions puzzling and the tale too complicated for grown-up people who insist on discriminating accurately between what happens at night in the boy's mind and what happens in reality—the two threads being inextricably interwoven. But to grown-up people who like *The Boy in Grey* it may safely be recommended.

architects, in their current enthusiastic reinstatement of close-knit urban communities, "merely exchanging one kind of illusion for another. Stephen Bayley himself, including the title of *Architectural Review*, has witnessed the failure of pre-war modern architecture to mature into an architectural style fitting for the age, yet "there is a decline and variety in modern life which we can only begin to understand and his approach is criticized as being "oblique"; "the reality of Britain's future is more than just the fabric of its homes". Agreed, but it was the *Architectural Review* that he was invited to write, not this editorial homily, "some of my best friends are architects."

The only contributor to receive the accolade of a special comment in all is evergreen favourite guru, Anthony Burgess. His piece, "The English Language" is full of odd information. It was on a November day, 1952, that I read a printed notice in my local railway station: "Due to fog local services may be delayed. Who could now say that that was wrong?" Does he have total recall, or does he keep an unusual diary? He makes several predictions about the directions in which language may change over the next twenty years: "a simplification of form ("mans" for "men", "eated" for "eat"); Americanization of pronunciation and intonation ("no more bourgeoisie"); a tendency to keep alive a concept of language as a subtle and various mode of expression, with elms and oaks rather than just trees... but it is doubtful how literature can be kept alive, except on a small scale. Since, in a world of unbridled mass unemployment, hobbies may be the only growth industry left, we may be on to a good thing after all.

Good Writers for Young Readers is a collection of essays, most of which appeared first in *The Use of English* between 1968 and 1976 (though some are printed here for the first time), about various of the more celebrated recent writers of children's books: Leon Garfield, Alan Garner, Philippa Pearce, Richard Adams, Rosemary Sutcliffe et al. Nearly all the essays (except Fred Inglis on Richard Adams and Ursula Le Guin, and Dennis Saunders on "British Picture Books since 1960") deal with one writer each, and all are followed by a bibliography. There is an introduction by Dennis Butts, giving a brief history of children's literature and specifying some of the critical problems. At the end is a select bibliography of the more general books on the subject.

How to deal critically with children's literature is a problem. Dennis Butts outlines three approaches: first, that "since much children's literature takes the form of narrative fiction, it would seem that the most logical critical approach to it would be that already adopted towards adult novels". The second is based on a view that "the only critical criteria which have any value are those based upon the response of the children themselves". The third (which Dennis Butts plumps for, though he acknowledges some of its difficulties) is "based on the recognition of children's books as a literary genre".

The shortcomings of the first two are easy to show. The first ignores the intended audience, the linguistic and other limitations of books written especially for children, and the fact that there is more than one "critical approach towards adult novels". The second ignores the inarticulateness of most children: they sometimes know what they like but can rarely say why. Moreover, some of them at least can be taught what to like (as of course can some adults). But if the third approach is valid, if children's literature is a genre, what kind of genre? Dennis Butts says: "Among the characteristics of the genre... are such obvious factors as the presence of child-protagonists, greater flexibility about the probability of narrative events, and recurring plot-elements such as the quest, the journey through time, falls and rises of fortune, and various kinds of initiation into adult life."

*Great Expectations*, for example? Well, not really; Dickens is Dickens, after all, and though many children have had to read it only a few seem to enjoy it. What about *What Maisie Knew*? Of course not; it is too "linguistic, emotional and intellectual" for children. Inherent in the genre? Doesn't *Great Expectations* have limitations? It's not exactly explicit about sexuality, is it? And what about *Kim*? Oh, yes, that's children's literature all right—and read by so many children that it is almost never discussed as the deeply serious adult novel it is.

# TLS Children's books



THE RATIONAL PRIMER.



Favoured reading for children in the nineteenth century, sold at Sotheby's in April, reproduced in Art at Auction 1976-7 (512pp. Sotheby Parke Bernet. £12.50).

## Decency is not enough

By C. J. Driver

The wise old owl C. S. Lewis said once: "No book is really worth reading at the age of ten which is not equally (and often far more) worth reading at the age of fifty" (quoted by Tony Watkins in his essay on Alan Garner). Any attempt to define genre by its readership is difficult; after all, Westerners are not read only by boys, nor thrillers only by private detectives. When my thirteen-year-old pupils read Hammond Innes, they do not cease to be children.

Tentative definitions are of course large and string targets. The difficulty remains: how do we establish criteria for judging children's books? One of the more powerful suggested in this book—and referred to in several of the essays—is Fred Inglis's view that the present-day children's novelists "have largely spoken to the private life of the sensibility" on the good old individualist grounds that it is in our feelings that we are most ourselves. Now, he suggests, we might begin to look for something more affirmative of the public values, those "which make it possible for... reader(s) to face our brave new world... to face it and to face up to it with a set of values which are more absolute than expedient, but capable of living with the facts of relativism and change."

"In draw together in a new synthesis the public and private frames of thought". (It is difficult to do brief justice to Inglis's combination of devout loyalty to Lewis and passionate socialism; his argument is developed in two of the most powerful full chapters of his *Identities and the Imagination*, Cambridge, 1975.)

Certainly, next to Inglis, some of the judgments of some of the children's novelists discussed in this book have an elderly flavour: "Garfield shows that growing up is

DENNIS BUTTS (Editor):  
Good Writers for Young Readers  
Hart-Davis Educational £2.45.  
(247 12798 1)

hard, but with determination you can win through" (Rhodri Jones); L. M. Boston's *Yew Hall* "shows how a seemingly trivial woman, silly, proud and egotistical yet mindlessly determined, can cause an explosion of evil and tragedy" (Peter Hollindale); Tim, in K. M. Peyton's *Father of Roses*, "begins to understand the value of love and of independence, and so becomes decisively aware of his own predicament" (Dennis Butts). Inglis himself justifies these critical decencies thus: "which parent who was not a monster would not demand of his child's book that it gives pleasure in such a way as to celebrate what is good and true and beautiful?"

So I ask myself, hoping that I am not a monster, if that is what I look for in what my children or my pupils read; and the complex and somewhat fearful answer is, "No, not quite". Rather, I hope to be like the father in that most beautiful warning to parents "The Good-Night", who, after acknowledging all dangers he has rid of him and all that his daughter must risk too if she is to be human, says good-night to her, "As if he knew that it is not and will not be. Dennis Butts gives his negative example—a bad book for young readers—Richard Allen's *Skinhead* (evidently, with *Little Women*, top of the pops in 1975). At the risk of being accused of silly libertarianism (of course there are

books which I confiscate from my pupils), I must say that I do not think *Skinhead* is as pernicious as Dennis Butts thinks (though it is a thoroughly bad and silly novel). One's capacity to survive bad books is at least as strong as one's inability to enjoy all the good books one should enjoy.

The problem is that, if one believes that good books do good, bad books must presumably do bad; if books transmit cultural values, then good books transmit good values, bad books evil ones. It is the model (over-simplified, of course) on which much criticism of children's books is based, accounting not just for the silly, simple stereotype versions, but for the more aware too: "the book has the rare capacity to create goodness, to make the decencies of life ring true" (Brian Jackson on Philippe Pearce's *Minnow on the Sea*).

What I would suggest, instead, is a model based not on enacted morality, but on a wider view of the imagination. I am not advocating that we dispense with value judgments; those who do so confuse egalitarianism with cowardly ignorance. To reassert a notion of the primary imagination is not to abandon judgments about the quality of the productions of the secondary imagination. What we need is a model of criticism which allows for children's and adults' capacities to respond on a variety of levels to a variety of books, and for the extraordinary power of the imagination to turn the trivial into the significant, to sort the insignificantly trivial from the insignificantly pretentious, to bring an Arabian into all our rooms, "With his damned hoo-bla, hoo-bla-hoo-bla-hoo".

How also to account for the fact that a son reads *Kim* with the same

absorbed concentration as (though less articulate response than) his father who read it as a child and reads it again as an adult, both child and adult taking pleasure in character, colour, life, India, but the one adding the greater sophistication of other quests into the balance of thought and action, the other getting the first pleasures of narrative? How else to account for the fact that one of my pupils, demonstrably capable of a sensitive and informed reading of *The Rainbow*, reads over a weekend Harold Robbins's latest and enjoys it too? Or a girl who reads *Women's Weekly Romances* in class and writes at home a passionate poem about living in a slum? What we—the Leavisite teachers—have done is to devalue the sheer experience of reading anything, of experiencing everything, in the name of our decent values. We have become a coterie, ensconced in our comprehensible village, and so now have little right to be dismayed that what we thought of as the deserted lands around us have been invaded by the value-free merchants, the new (and the resurgent) grammarians, the statisticians and Prime Ministers. So, too, we have allowed the intensive to come before the extensive (study this text, rather than read these books); the pursuit of value has become as life-destructive as we once hoped it would be life-enhancing.

Peter Hollindale, in his essay on L. M. Boston, gives half the case: discussing some of her "invigorating positives", he says, "Her feeling is strong and clear that children must be set free, to take their risks and grow to climb the high trees... to swim the deep waters". And what about the risks of imaginative experience which isn't "good and true and beautiful"? Children shouldn't tell lies; so we give them fiction to read.

Perhaps I do. *Good Writers for Young Readers* less than justice. There are essays in the book, such as Edward Blishen's on William Mayne, which stand outside the cosy community of decent values. Fred Inglis's thesis, that most of the writers discussed in the book stand at the end of a long line of the celebrants of private values, deserves more serious attention than I have given it here. Whether the "great outburst of first-class children's books this century" (Brian Jackson) constitutes a new "golden age of children's literature" as several of the essayists think, I do not know; nor would I consider it a proper subject for present-day criticism. To live in a desert age is the present is to store up for the coming age a crabby fustiness. One of the good things about this book is that it may encourage teachers, student-teachers, librarians and parents, not only to think again about what it is we want our children to read for (and perhaps what we read for too), but to read ourselves some of the books written ostensibly for our children.

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## Twilight of the gods

KEVIN CROSSLEY-HOLLAND

(Editor)

The Faber Book of Northern Legends  
Illustrated by Alan Howard  
Faber, £4.50, (571 10912 8).

URSULA SYNGE

Kalevala

Heroic Tales from Finland

Bodley Head, £3.50, (370 30054 8)

The northern gods are coming back into fashion. Much must not doubt be attributed to Tolkien, whose dwarfs and wizards, dragons coiled upon heaps of gold, curse-bearing rings and beautiful doomed elves seduced a whole generation that had never heard of Ragnarok, the end of the world, or of the death of the gods at Ragnarok. But I am not sure that this latest rediscovery of Northern European myth and legend is entirely Tolkien's doing; nor can I agree with Kevin Crossley-Holland's suggestion in his foreword about some kind of racial or cultural recognition of the Norse and Teutonic gods and heroes as being peculiarly our own. The sense of recognition is there all right; but it is probably more a matter of time than of place. The gods of Asgard, as Isaac Dinesen long ago pointed out, are not truly gods. They lack omnipotence: they struggle with dark powers, knowing that in the end the darkness will defeat them. This, in the second half of the twentieth century, makes Odin and Thor peculiarly apt to speak to our condition. They appear as characters in a story we seem to

recognize; they act out, with enviable dignity and courage, a fate we fear may be our own. They are the original doomwatchers.

In this beautifully presented and superbly illustrated anthology, their stories, and those of the Germanic and Icelandic heroes that lived under their sway, are told by narrators ranging from William Morris and Sir Walter Scott to contemporary authors writing specially for this volume. First we are shown the gods building Asgard, dwelling there in glory, triumphing over their foes; but Loki the mischief-maker is already at work, and we are dimly conscious of unease. Descending into the world of heroes, we further pursue the themes of friendship and vengeance, love and betrayal, courage and endurance in the face of overwhelming odds. The otherworldly atmosphere of Germanic legend gives way to the Icelandic light of common day. By the time we return to the gods, their own world is perceptibly darkening: all things lament the death of Balder, the last great battle is already in sight. Loki has won, and his kin the giants; but they too will go down in the general disaster.

In all this, Loki the trickster, the humorous shapeshifter, is a curiously out-of-place figure. He is not so much evil as non-moral—a sort of amoral uncertainty principle, more like the Yoruba Eshu than the Christian Satan. It is as if he had been left over from some other, perhaps older mythology. And in Ursula Syngé's exquisite retelling of the Finnish Kalevala, the gods seem to have been Here, all are shapeshifters and

tricksters, the heroes and their foes alike: it seems the norm for this jewel-bright, sweet-smelling, magical world. Vainamoinen, the Wise Singer is a figure reminiscent of Tolkien or Orpheus; he can charm wild beasts and sing whole worlds into being. His friend Ilmarinen is the master of metal magic—from his forge come ships and jewels, horses and maidens of silver and gold, even a new sun and moon when the old are temporarily out of commission. As for Lemminkäinen, his magic is simply the age-old magic of sex: beautiful maidens, both elemental and human, cluster about him wherever he goes, often with uproarious results.

All three are greedy, brave, vain, glorious; sly and naive all at once. Clearly, the moral code of Asgard has no validity here. Their arch-enemy, Mistress Louhi, herself an accomplished witch, deals, it is true, in cold and death and elemental darkness; yet at another level she is simply and recognizably a cross, lonely, avaricious old woman, reluctant to marry off her daughters to strangers and quite determined to get the best of the bargain. Her asphyxiating malice commands a certain sympathy. One is sorry to say goodbye to her; but sorrier still when the old hero Vainamoinen, retreating before the newer magic of Christianity, builds up by song his last and finest bow and sails away in it into the sky.

Either of these books would make a superb Christmas present for an imaginative child; both will probably be enjoyed by the grown-ups as well.

Eva Gillies

## The lost key

PEGGY APPIAH

Why the Hyena Does not Care for Fish  
And Other Tales from the Ashanti Gold Weights  
Illustrated by Joanna Stubbs  
André Deutsch, £2.95, (233 96903 9)

JO MANTON and ROBERT GITTINGS

The Flying Horses  
Tales from China  
Illustrated by Derek Collard  
Methuen, £3.95, (416 83440 X)

The Discontented Dervishes and Other Persian Tales

Retold from Sa'di by Arthur Scholey  
Illustrated by William Rushton  
André Deutsch, £3.95, (233 96870 9)

Whoever does not remember the old tales  
Has lost the key that opens the door of life

This quotation is from *The Flying Horses* by Jo Manton and Robert Gittings. It and the other two books, *Why the Hyena Does not Care for Fish* by Peggy Appiah, and *The Discontented Dervishes* by Arthur Scholey, make me regret once more that we have so completely handed over the old tales to children. Their gain is our loss, for it is not every adult who was fortunate enough ever to have had them. Where then can be the memory or the key? Knowledge of such tales however deeply buried the memory, and whether in the form of myth, legend, folktale or any other form, is a possession in its own right which, experience can be channelled and interpreted. At some level of which we are not necessarily conscious they form the basis of understanding and identity. Both of ourselves and others. They are also "razzling good stories" in their own right. There is nothing that is not in the myths; no novel which is adults we acclaim which is not, in however heavily disguised a form, simply a retelling of an old tale or another. Why then do we persist in withholding the key?

Why the Hyena Does not Care for Fish, a collection of Ghanaian folktales based on the Ashanti gold weights, reveals a good deal about the society from which they come. Confusion, between technological development and superiority in other fields has led us to undervalue or even ignore many things in the underdeveloped world. The Ashanti gold-weight system and the people who produced it had a sophisticated

tion of their own—in addition to the charm revealed here—which is utterly lacking in the modern West. A system of measurement which replaced it around 1900. Peggy Appiah has already proved her ability as a storyteller in earlier collections from the same region. Here again her style is simple and uncluttered, always lively and reads well aloud. She does not make the mistake of imposing an overly literary emphasis on what is still part of a living oral folk tradition. Nor is there anything primitive in the stories unless we would use the same word of Aesop, to whom they can be compared. They have all the quality of fable—animal characters who act out the human comedy and a highly developed moral sense. They speak with the same pungency as Aesop, and go deeper into human nature and humour. Joanna Stubbs's illustrations based on the weights themselves are a delight and wholly fitting to the book.

Both the remaining collections come from a very different tradition; from civilizations which had reached a high level of social and literary sophistication at a time when we were still struggling with our own primitive forms. The stories in *The Flying Horses* have been collected from ancient Chinese manuscripts. China has the oldest continuing literature in the world, and the tales are drawn from many sources over a wide historical perspective. Without any loss of fluency or ease in telling, the authors preserve the highly stylized flavour of the original while, at the same time, giving the stories a new reality in which one senses their knowledge and love of their subject. Individual where they are, the tales, buildings, religious beliefs and social customs combine to create a vivid picture of a land and its people. That from the first tale of the creation of the world to the last, which is a twentieth-century hero tale of the revolution, they are separated by more than forty centuries matters remarkably little. It is possible to take a strange comfort in the strong feeling of continuity evoked in this book, not merely that the folktales themselves survive in new forms, but that at this level, at least, there is a continuity of sameness in human aspiration, and historical events can be seen in a proper continuum or overall perspective. The essence of each story has been encapsulated by Robert Gittings in a verse at the end, and is also depicted in the beautiful drawing by Derek Collard which accompanies

each one. Both are in the Chinese manner and enhance a fascinating book.

The *Discontented Dervishes*, a collection of Persian tales from the twelfth century, retold by William Scholey and illustrated by William Rushton, whose face appears disarmingly and not inappropriately on its pages, is something different altogether. It is not folktale in any sense that we understand it normally, but the form of the traditional story to contain its teaching. In the last of the works of Sa'di, thirteenth-century royal poet, teacher, traveller and mystic, are classics, revered as much for their wisdom as their superlative poetry. The tales are part of the poetic structure of his books and embody their wit, humour and wisdom. The author and illustrator have done their work well in preserving all of these without any poetic protestations nor over-anxious desire to reproduce the seventy-two types of ambiguity reputedly present in every word of the original. The stories are highly entertaining in their version and the many subtleties of meaning are still there for those who have minds to hunt them out. The essence of such works cannot be destroyed by the children who be affected whether they will or no. Within their limited brief the author has achieved what he set out to do. Yet in the end how little this book, unlike the others, sends the original.

It is as though Shakespeare were only to be known outside his country in Lamb's Tales. It is the only satirist the English ever produced, and the one who any, where who remains wholly topical in a universal sense. This of course in addition to his greatest as a poet. His satire is concerned not with government and events but with the human condition. It poses the timeless questions: "It poses the question why in the end, like the old tales, we find him in the children; for it seems we have ourselves lost the taste for these things." The author is to be congratulated for making available to the child a work of such quality and wisdom of a great man. What he and the public in general suffer from is the lack of that category called "general books" which are going to have disappeared from the life of the child, except in the children's literature for those books which span ages, as well as time, space, and culture.

John Vignat Hall

## Back to basics

Harold Jones is an artist whose work in line and in colour miraculously combines warmth with detachment, concentration with abstraction, freedom with precision. He has maintained his individuality, his childhood vision, his integrity like those of John Burningham. Pastale Allamand is a young Cape author-artist whose books, bound in heavy boards, seem to ask to be used. *The Little Goat in the Mountains*, her newest, is the story of a goat who looks everywhere for gentians so that she can be as beautiful as the garlanded Swiss cows; it has clean, fresh sky-blue skies, greener than green flowering pastures and a white goat with knobby knees and a tiny tail. A short text in huge type sits solidly opposite every picture in a most comforting way.

*The Strongest One of All* by Mirra Ginsburg also has a basic text, about a lamb who discovers, in a circular quest, that the elements centre on himself, the consumer of the grass that pushes up through the earth watered by rain, descending from clouds that cover the sun that melts the ice that made him fall and ask "Ice, ice you made me fall. Are you the strongest one of all?" The book is a series of pictures with a mere line of text here and there that conveys to the reader the thought processes of Benjamin the hamster as he tries every imaginable way (including wizardry and dynamite) to open a padlocked chest—not having noticed that the lady hamster inside has already pushed up the thin wooden lid of the chest is loose, respond to this book in the way they respond to a comedian on the stage who searches for something that is stuck to his own back. Alan Baker is a new artist with a strong feeling for the tactile quality of fur, wood, iron and paper.

*Dogger* by Shirley Hughes is more conventional and has a long text for reading aloud to a listening, watchful family at bedtime. For it is at bedtime that Dave discovers he has lost Dogger, his favourite toy and constant companion. Dogger turns up at the school jumble sale but is bought for 5p by a stranger. Shirley Hughes once again highlights the drama of everyday life at home and at school. The assurance of a happy ending is implicit in the atmosphere of every illustration.

No such assurance for the readers of Mary Rayner's *Garth Pig* and the *Ice Cream Lady*, for the Ice Cream Lady's name is Madame Lupino and she oh so nearly catches little Garth when, invited to look into the freezer to choose ten Whooshes for the Pig family one summer's day, he steps into the Volsfwagen [sic] and is whisked away to be "Fried or boiled, baked or roasted" minced with mushy-rooms on toast. Need he say to anyone who remembers Mary Rayner's first book (*Mr. and Mrs. Pig's Evening Out*) to which this is a sequel, Sorrel Pig leads a team of piglets in an intrepid rescue operation—of a bicycle made-for-TV humour and terror alternates here, keeping the listener transfixed one moment, convulsed the next. What an accomplished author and artist Mary Rayner is. With her second book she has beaten herself at her own game.

Other second appearances are continuously less successful. Lucy, Edward's Daughter by Philippe

Harold Jones: *There and Back Again*. Oxford University Press. £1.75. (19 27915 8)  
PASCAL ALLAMAND: *The Little Goat in the Mountains*. Cape. £2.50. (224 01395 5)  
MIRRA GINSBURG: *The Strongest One of All*. Illustrated by Jose Aruego and Ariane Dewey. Hamish Hamilton. £2.75. (241 89769 6)  
ALAN BAKER: *Benjamin and the*

Dumas is distressingly weak compared with his forerunner, *The Story of Edgar*. Though the illustrations are as delicious and the occasional detail as felicitous, there are missing links in the plot which is, in any case, undistinguished.

*Ebbie* and *What Sadie Sang*, both by Eve Rice, follow on the heels, so to speak, of her *New Blue Shoes* published earlier this year. Again Eve Rice's work recalls Lois Lenski's; but the two new books—*Ebbie* about a boy called Eddie who loses his front teeth but keeps his pride in the name he can temporarily not pronounce, and *What Sadie Sang*, a funny book about a toddler's incomprehensible but innumerable (till sleep time) song—though thoroughly acceptable, even welcome, in the nursery sphere, are also—sadly, shoves of, rather than developments from, a promising first picture book.

Michael Foreman, however, goes from strength to strength, always exploring, through his picture books, fresh ways of expanding the readers' visual and philosophical perception. *Panda's Puzzle*, a delicate Chinese-inspired picture book is quite the most beautiful Michael Foreman has yet painted. Panda sets out from his mountain on a voyage of discovery in order to decide whether he is "a white bear with black bits or a black bear with white bits". For, says the Buddhist priest, "If you don't know what you are how can you decide anything?" After world-wide adventures Panda returns to the Buddhist monastery: "Have you discovered what you are?"

"Yes," said Panda, "I'm a traveller who plays tunes."

Elaine Moss

Box: André Deutsch. £1.95. (233 96895 4)  
SHIRLEY HUGHES: *Dogger*. Bodley Head. £2.50. (370 30006 8)

MARY RAYNER: *Garth Pig* and the *Ice Cream Lady*. Macmillan. £3.25. (333 22040 4)

PHILIPPE DUMAS: *Lucy, Edward's Daughter*. Dent. £1.95. (460 06841 5)

EVE RICE: *Ebbie*. (370 30051 3) *What Sadie Sang* (370 30052 1). Bodley Head. £1.75 each.

"So is the wind," said the old man. "But are you a black bear or a white bear?"  
"I don't care," laughed Panda. The old man smiled.  
"A great discovery!" he said.

Michael Foreman's mystical book works on the consciousness at many levels like folklore, but it is not folklore; neither, so far as I know, is Margaret Neville's *More and Better*, a moral tale about quantity and quality in which a boy who asks a witch woman for More gets more of everything than he can manage, until he comes to his senses, and asks for Better. Margaret Neville's pointillistic style (rather like full colour work seen through a strong magnifying glass so that the primary colours separate) is refreshingly original and particularly well suited to the twilight magic she is creating.

Barbara Resch pays no tribute to Hans Andersen when she transplants "The Nightingale" to Africa with its rivers, its bush, its sandy deserts. This is a gay, attractive stylish picture book.

More original, and also set in Africa is Margaret Rogers' *Green Is Beautiful*: beasts, birds, reptiles each claim their own colour to be the most beautiful. The mina bird leads them on a long journey to find a rainbow—which convinces them that variety is what we need. Bernadette Watts, illustrating this moral tale, has corrected the slant that is her hallmark and has used pure colour to underline the point of the story effectively.

Michael Foreman: *Panda's Puzzle* and his *Voyage of Discovery*. Hamish Hamilton. £2.95. (241 89651 7)  
MARGARET NEVILLE: *More and Better*. Macmillan. £2.95. (333 21585 5)  
BARBARA RESCH: *The Singing Bird*. A. and C. Black. £2.25. (7136 17683)  
MARGARET ROGERS: *Green Is Beautiful*. Illustrated by Bernadette Watts. Andersen Press. Hutchinson. £2.50. (905478 17 7)

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What she writes about "a nervous child who, on at bedtime, the fear of being alone. Above is everywhere, after if she could go to go out of the room me nervousness. Andersen. Trusts. Charles Caus."

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HAMISH HAMILTON h.h CHILDREN'S BOOKS



## Ode to putrefaction

RAYMOND BRIGGS:

Fungus the Bogeyman  
Hamish Hamilton, £2.75,  
(241 89553 7)

"Then will it down with a cup of cold sick", we used to chant in the playground, concluding thus the most loathsome of children's rhymes. To mouth it at all was a sort of dare, particularly for those who just could not stop their imagination attempting to picture what "green spot" or "dead dog's eye" might look like. Now the famous emetic nonsense stands as one of the epigraphs to Raymond Briggs's *Fungus the Bogeyman*; but it cannot possibly justify such a coprophilous and putrid volume. It is one thing for an author to make their children shudder once in a while, but quite another for him to draw out that filth with squall into an obsessive monologue on decay.

What makes this natural history of Bogeydom so peculiarly disgusting, and inappropriate to these pages, is precisely its obsessive quality: the way its anal-erotic preoccupations are relentlessly catalogued by an adult mind. I should explain that the Bogeymen, who live underground, have slimy, wretches' bodies, and cretinous pig's heads equipped with vestigial horns and equally stunted Dracula teeth. They are, in themselves, bearable. But they sleep in wet beds (an experience associated by children with shame as well as discomfort), cultivate boils on the back of their necks, and marinate their trousers until they reach a

satisfactory level of stink. This is not amusing or engaging (it is a great mistake to think that children are in love with dirt, when they are merely indifferent to it at the merriest of times); and the fact that everything in the Bogey world so mechanically defeats the expectations of the Surface world (the balls in the hole, flowers are cultivated and prized for their etiolation and droop, and so forth) makes for a swiftly cumulative tedium.

But of course it is not the Bogeymen themselves who make the book offensive—but the implications they raise about Raymond Briggs's own attitude to the fact of living in a human body that has habits, functions and needs. One way of registering horror at these organic processes is to make a horror of them; and this, in the literal-minded way, is what Briggs has done. Hence the Bogeymen's three nipples, three breasts; their bathroom bottles of "Pus" and (much more indicative) "Femestench roll-on Odorant"; and their terms of endearment, expressed at the height by the Bogey poet John Duma: "Are not your kisses then as filthy, As a worm sucking an envenomed sore?"

It is a peculiar parent who could take pleasure in reading this about to his child; and a peculiar child who did not feel perplexed by his inability to sympathize with these new "characters".

Russell Davies

## Outback life

DAVID BURKE:

Come Midnight Monday  
Illustrated by Janet Mure  
Methuen, £3.25 (416 56530 1)

MAX FATCHEN:

Chase Through the Night  
Illustrated by Graham Humphreys  
Methuen, £2.75 (416 85070 7)

It is hard to be enthusiastic about much of what is written for children in Australia. Mum is usually up to her elbows in flour or washing-up; Dad is imparting advice and information in the tone of a speaker at a public meeting; and the boys—these gobs who also like fighting and healthy outdoor pursuits—are indulging in a variety of trials and tests that will in the end fit them for the mindless life of being decorated and being decorated. The rest of being decorated is the fun of being decorated by being decorated. So goes the life of a goodie as slap so frequently that anyone seems sad

should be fed with stuff that is so sexist and insensitive. *Come Midnight Monday* by David Burke and *Chase Through the Night* by Max Fatchen contain, between them, most of these failings and some others. Both are fairly improbable adventure stories in which children take the lead in outwitting the villain. A series of suspense-filled incidents. *Come Midnight Monday* being the worse in that it is far too long and extremely boring. *Chase Through the Night*, on the other hand, does at least contain a sense of time, place, and weather: the atmosphere of a small-town outback settlement surrounded by a vast empty landscape is well portrayed. Some of the minor characters, the blind, crippled old aborigine, the fat resourceful hotel cook, for instance, are real and convincing. But the story is spoiled by the less than credible plot, and by the stereotypical central characters—a boy and a girl aged fifteen who, at that age, should be individual and interesting human beings rather than stock figures playing out the standard cliché of the male indulging in all the dangerous action while the female looks on, tearful and frightened.

David Bartlett

## Handicapped families

DORALIES HUTTNER:

Come on, David, Jump  
Illustrated by Michael Charlton  
Translated by Gertrud Mander  
Angus and Robertson, £3.20,  
(207 95687 1)

FAY SAMPSON:

Half a Welcome  
Dobson, £2.50 (234 72031 X)

Come on, David, Jump is about an armless child, *Half a Welcome* about a white family which adopts a black baby. Both books are about that books with social messages found a less ready market.

In *Come on, David, Jump* there is little to justify the choice of subject. In general the author slides away from the main issues: consciousness of abnormality and frustration, physical dependence. Instead we are shown David in competitive childhood situations, learning that he can cope but must not attempt too much. Even these commonplace lessons do not derive from experience, but are taught in unconvincing dream-sequences—perhaps another aspect of the author's reluctance to confront her material head-on.

She seems unsure of her standpoint, bringing most attitudes to physical abnormality into her story, but endorsing none. The sanest voice is that of Winnie the carpenter, who teaches David to recognize and exploit his own peculiar assets: "You're very good at failing. Nobody is as good at failing as you are."

Jennifer Chandler

## Copping the robbers

PAT HUTCHINS:

Follow That Bus!  
Illustrated by Laurence Hutchins  
Bodley Head, £2.75 (370 30055 6)

LIVE JENNINGS:

The Mine Kid Kidnap  
Hamish Hamilton, £2.75,  
(241 89649 5)

Both these books are competent adventure stories involving lively groups of schoolchildren and their encounters with cops and robbers. Although there are these common themes, *Follow That Bus!* is for a younger age-group. It concerns the day trip by Class Six, of New End School, to the farm. This seemingly innocent expedition becomes a momentous event when the children witness the escape of a pair of bank robbers who seize a Number 24 bus. From this point the story continues at a hectic pace as the crooks are pursued by the class, teachers and policeman, and even the County Hunt. The robbers impersonate the farmers, but are soon shown up for what they are, and the final exciting chase, involving police, tractors, horses and hounds, comes to a successful end.

Brian Baumfield

## Simple pleasures

PETER HARTLING:

Granny

Illustrated by Julia Ash  
Translated by Anthea Bell  
Andersen Press/Hutchinson, £2.25,  
(905478 11 8)

KATHLEEN HERRSON:

Johnny Oswaldtwistle  
Illustrated by Lesley Smith  
Methuen, £1.90 (416 83040 5)

These two books are for reading aloud. The first, excellently translated from German by Anthea Bell, is for children who ought to be old enough to read it for themselves, but who might find some of it puzzling if they did. *Granny* is an unprepossessing title and the illustrations are fashionably unattractive but in spite of this it is well worth reading and should give its readers or hearers new ideas about their relations with old people. *Granny* herself is a very down-to-earth person, loving but not cosy. She is a fighter for rights and those of her grandson Karl, who comes to live with her when his parents are killed. There are no great excitements—Karl tears his best trousers, *Granny* wins a competition, Karl sprains his ankle at football.

The story is told in such a matter-of-fact way as to be almost dull. What animates the book for the adult reader is the comment at the end of each chapter by *Granny* herself; a good mixture of bewilderment at modern trends and shrewd good sense. These can be skipped when reading aloud, but in the stories themselves there are real-life problems that worry Karl and will worry most children if they stop to think. Why do the old seem so depressed and helpless when they are hardly older than we? Why could he not have been a doctor? Why could his mother, whom he loved? What will happen when *Granny* dies? *Granny* herself has some honest answers, and some equally honest admissions when she doesn't know the answer.

*Johnny Oswaldtwistle*, for nursery-school age, is much more tailored to the child's mind. It should be popular with any small boy who likes pretending to be a fire engine, or helping his parents make things, or going on shopping expeditions on the top of a bus. Each chapter makes a complete story, and the people are unlikable and reassuring. Even if they are or are not. The language has the rhythm and repetition that appeal to all small children and there are no loose ends left unknotted. Every detail is unobtrusively dealt with, down to the just infused loaf in a coat pocket at the jungle sale.

Elinor Lyon

## Reaching below the surface

WILLIAM MAYNE:

Max's Dream  
Hamish Hamilton, £2.95,  
(241 89546 4)

ALAN GARNER:

Granny Reardon  
Illustrated by Michael Foreman  
Collins, £2.50 (100 184288 9)

RANDALL JARRILL:

The Bat-Poet  
Illustrated by Maurice Sendak  
Kestrel, £2.50 (7226 5358 1)

Fly By Night

Illustrated by Maurice Sendak  
Bodley Head, £2.25 (370 30017 3)

One of the excitements for a young reader of a new book by acknowledged writers, in this case William Mayne, Alan Garner and Randall Jarrell, is learning how to read it. The first enlightenment may come from the illustrations, but, by the end, the story remains in the mind as a single imaginative unit, hard at the edges, a complete world in itself. For the uninitiated reader whose earlier experience is confined to plain declarative prose, the problem lies in "getting into the story", because the surface simplicity of the texts of these authors is deceptive. The contrast between the writer and the reader involves learning how to hear the voice on the page. The literary experience stretches the reader's linguistic competence; these authors show that there are no common ways of reading in the best books for children.

To approach *Max's Dream* the reader has to switch into the rhythm of the language of recollection, so that the "then and there" becomes the here and now. Among William Mayne's many gifts is a facility for making memories for those too young to have them, so that his readers go back over experiences they never had. *Katie* recalls the April of her days as a servant girl in the house of Mrs. Vanny where she tends Max, the invalid boy, with her heart full of love. The village children choose Max to be king of their midsummer revels. Katie's role is to make all possible for Max, and to tell how she interpreted his dream to make it come true, thereby shattering her own.

The reader learns the rhythm of the narrative from William Mayne's delicate pacing. Smaller children's conversation centres on immediate events, while the before-and-after comes with a slightly breathless tumbling of sentences as events crowd the recollection.

It is impossible to write about William Mayne without sampling the texture of his prose. The tone of his verbs need a study of their own. "I hinged the kettle over the fire and we had a cup of tea and now it's time for bed." The adult reader looks at the surface structures, the child sees through them, and he is confident. Into Max's dream world as it merges with the strenuous efforts Katie

makes, her own foot blistered and raw with a burn, to ease his pain. Accidents, fights, and Max near death are swept over in the long sentence strings, while the ferry with "a sort of galleons and there the bell do hang" and the surgeon with his things "all as black bones and leather" stand out as shaped events. The reader's privilege is to take part in the play of the text and emerge the more literate for his efforts.

To distil the message from Alan Garner's quartet of books which, so far, includes *The Stone Boat*, *Tom Fobble's Day*, and now, *Granny Reardon*, the reader has to locate himself in the landscape at a point in time. Chronologically *Granny Reardon* comes before *Tom Fobble's Day*, but each, in Alan Garner's terms, is its own onion of craft, time, place and family. Time is made in stone walls and steeples made by the hands of the ancestors that when Joseph at the beginning of *Granny Reardon* lies on a hill and watches a family moving out of its house, which later provides stone for his grandfather to finish a wall, history turns Joseph's decision to be a smith ushers in a new era.

## The story of the sleeper

P. L. TRAVERS:

About the Sleeping Beauty  
Collins, £3.50 (00 216027 7)

The legend of the sleeper who will one day awaken and transform life is as old as myth itself. It reaches us through the mouths of successive generations of its tellers, refreshed and refurbished by a thousand varieties of detail, but with its essentials, the heart of its mystery, intact. It stretches from tales of the shrewd maid Brynhild, pricked with a sleepthorn by Odin and condemned to slumber behind her wall of fire, through Snow White in her glass shroud to Sir Francis Drake, deep in the waters off Porto Bello but still alive, waiting for the ship to return, to the last (although killed in 1935) was breathless and well and would shortly make a dramatic reappearance in order to deliver us from our difficulties.

Of the many versions of the enchanting theme of the hidden hero or heroine, P. L. Travers has chosen for re-telling and reflection the tale of the Sleeping Beauty; possibly the most mysterious of all fairy stories.

Who, for example, is the true heroine, the goddess at the centre of the mystery? Mrs. Travers, I think, is quick to point out that this is not Beauty, but rather the Thirteenth Godmother, or the Wicked Fairy, around whose activi-

ties the whole tale must revolve. The nature of the fairy story is that no Fay or Wise Woman may be cast in a role that remains permanently either good or evil. Her part is dictated by the demands of a particular story at a particular point; her power is nothing if not equivocal. Here, it is a matter of the purest chance that she of all the thirteen (sometimes seven) sisters present at the celebration of Beauty's first rite of passage in life, the christening, becomes what Mrs. Travers, in a memorable phrase, calls "the necessary antagonist, placed there to show that the prince is 'other', opposite and fearful, as is indispensable an instrument of creation as any force for good... the paradoxical adversary without whose presence no threshold may be passed".

Again, in this extraordinarily individual story, we have a hero who, instead of being a prince, is a task to perform then that of being in the right place at the right time. He is not even always required, as in the Italian version *Sole, Luna, Zefiro*, to carry the Sleeping Beauty to a coach, and "having gathered the fruits of love" to leave her lying there until, much later, she is roused by one of the resultant twins sucking her finger, in mistake for her breast, and drawing out the fatal splinter. Curiously, it seems not so much what the Prince does, but what he is. Invariably, too, he must remain a figure drawn in outline; one whose true nature and potentiality must be recognized and somehow realized by the needs of the other, unnamed, participant in the myth, the listener or reader.

As for the Princess herself, Mrs. Travers sees her as a sign of the

Maurice Sendak once said that artists working with writers were perhaps opening up the words in a way that children at first did not see was possible. He does this for Randall Jarrell in two stories: *The Bat-Poet*, which first appeared in 1963, and *Fly by Night* which was completed just before the poet's death in 1965. The reader's view of the story of *The Bat-Poet* is caught at the corner of the page by the delicate shapes of the bat, and as the bat mingles with the chipmunk and the mockingbird, for whom he makes his poems, so the reader learns about poetry, its critics and its possibilities. As David floats through Sendak's night worlds, so the reader's dreams are made valid.

In their earliest reading experiences children wander in and out of the fairy tale and the animal fable. In a flickering of prose and poetry that is curiously weightless, Randall Jarrell catches the movement in and out of daily life and dreaming. Firmly located in his house by the woods, David flies by night. Maurice Sendak proposes that he floats in the position he would occupy in sleep, so that the

thinking, nearly-acting, nearly-talking of the story conveys a reality of dream logic. In both books the poet's preoccupation with night scenes and dreams matches the artist's rounded thickening of the owl, the interlacing of trees. In this way the text becomes texture which the reader feels as he floats with David, or listens with the Bat-Poet to the threats of the mockingbird. In making a beautiful fable Jarrell presents (with a deep gravity) the poet's way of looking. The chipmunk, on hearing the bat's poem about the owl, asks, "Why do I like it if it makes me shiver?"

The lyric directness of the poems themselves, winced in story and pictures, produces a metaphor of art for the young so memorable that all that is required of readers, who have moved through the story pattern in a kind of clear trance, is to say at the end: "that's how that is. Sendak and Jarrell at once, both books have a powerful coherence. *The Bat-Poet* is more clearly detached from the mundane; its avowed intention is to make the reader see things from the bat's viewpoint. David's flying, located firmly in the present, affirms the imaginative skill of the reader.

Margaret Meek

unknowingly known" suddenly remembered.

She adds to her text, then, not only five existing versions of the story—Irish, Italian, Bengali, Grimm's *Dornroschen*, and Charles Perrault's *La Belle au Bois Dormant*—but Geoffrey Brereton's delicious translation (when the Princess awakes, she gazes at the hero "more tenderly than would seem proper for a first glance") but, courageously, her own, and in an entirely new Middle English setting. The challenge, that of standing among the greatest masters of the art, is taken up with total and brilliant success. There is much bright, fresh detail—the gleaming, silver hands of the apparition, for example, as she spins in the dark tower—but it is all strictly relevant, deftly displaced along the line of the narrative with the skill of a story-teller of genius. The text reverberates with the poetry ("light is lighter because of the dark") of all that is best in the genre.

Her final question in the afterword, deliberately unanswered, asks: "what lies within us, still by life's external, may not be the sleeping soul?" something that falls asleep after childhood, something that not to awaken would make life meaningless? It is the wonder at all, then, that she writes approvingly of the nervous child who, on being assured, at bedtime that she need have no fear of being alone since the One Above is everywhere, asked her mother if she could possibly put God to go out of the room. "He makes me nervous. I would rather have Rumpelstiltskin."

Charles Causley

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

## Confident inventions

E. NESBIT:  
Fairy Stories  
Edited by Naomi Lewis  
Illustrated by Brian Robb  
Benn. £2.95. (510 16000 X)

I would offer a less conditional welcome to Naomi Lewis's new selection of E. Nesbit's *Fairy Stories*, if it were not for an uneasy suspicion that they constitute a propitiatory gesture by the publishers, Ernest Benn, who are currently allowing the three volumes from which these are mainly drawn (*Nine Unlikely Tales*, *Oswald Bastable and Others* and *The Magic World*) to go out of print; so only nine stories will be available, instead of the full thirty-six. No doubt this makes economic sense—presumably the new volume should sell better than the older three, but I am left with several regrets, especially when it comes to the illustrations. Brian Robb has provided a series of drawings, partly because a number of these stories originally appeared without illustrations, but where these do exist, they emphasize his inadequacies as an artist. H. R. Miller drew some splendid pictures for the *Strand* publication of "Billy the King": the picture of the prime minister with straw in his hair is unforgettable (if not as fat as the text suggests), while the tableau of Billy and Eliza skating into each other's arms, full of élan, shows up Brian Robb's swift and fuzzy treatment of the same moment most unhelpfully. E. Nesbit's writing is always comically precise; her illustrators need to reflect this virtue.

Another result of the reduction of stories available is that, however generally satisfactory a selection may be, every reader will miss their own favourite. My own is "The Cockswain", a perfectly horrible hybrid bird whose maniacal laughter wreaks ironic changes in all manner of substantial institutions: Primrose the nursemaid becomes an Automatic Naggling Machine, sending such messages as "Don't be tiresome"; the prime minister turns first into a little boy in yellow socks, and subsequently a comic opera, while the thinking becomes a villa-residence, replete with modern improvements and only identifiable by the border of emerald along his garden path.

Naomi Lewis prefaces the stories with a brief description of E. Nesbit's life. Like so many others, this one inevitably begs as many questions as it answers, leaving the speculator uncomfortably aware of how little is known about her inner world, for all Doris Langley Moore's painstaking documentation of its outer events. How far can her account of E. Nesbit's childhood written for the *Girls' Own Paper* be relied upon, or is it distorted by the same kind of retrospective self-pity that coloured Dickens's and Kipling's early memories? And for the final "twisting" of the tale of happiness, perhaps Naomi Lewis is right to withhold from the young reader any reference to her subject's painful and long-drawn out death, probably from cancer of the stomach. Life seldom resembles fairy tales and mortality exacts its dues with scant regard for a biographer's sense of fitness.

There is, however, comparatively little in the apparent content of E. Nesbit's life to explain the character of her creativity, and it is chiefly in the feebler stories for adults that we find any direct reflection of personal experience—as opposed to the direct reflection

of her thoughts, which is ubiquitous and often the most vividly personal tone. The intriguing and rather alarming piece, "The Town in the Library", rightly reprinted here and singled out for notice, provides an exception, describing how her children, Rosamund and Fabian (under their own names) rifled the bureau for their Christmas presents on Christmas Eve, and then built the first of the magic cities. Many years later, after Fabian's untimely death, E. Nesbit wrote an odd and deeply unhappy account of how, as a small boy, he had broken into the parlour and stolen some sweets intended for Christmas presents. The emphasis falls on her painful guilt at the memory of the punishment she felt bound to inflict on him. Probably these two very different accounts of Christmas Eve misadventures have a common origin.

Naomi Lewis herself comments on "the few signs of Fabian Socialism in her work", a little surprisingly since the first story, "Billy the King", ends with his hero and heroine oping for fairyland on the grounds that, though his inhabitants can be ruthless, "I don't know that it's worse than people who let other people die of lead-poisoning because they want a particular glass on their dinner-plates, or let people die of phosphorus poisoning so that they may get matches at six boxes a penny. We're as well off here as in England". Dicky Arden was to make much the same point when he preferred the life of the past to that of the present: "They do worse things fourteen hours a day for nine shillings a week. . . . They let people get horrid diseases till their jaws drop off, so as to have a particular kind of chin." But the Bland's Fabianism was nothing if not eclectic. E. Nesbit's horror of the New Cross shams is sharply dramatized in *Harding's Luck*, yet she was equally intolerant of the suburban housing developments which might seem to

offer some kind of alternative to the dreary life of the inner city. Threatening to eat up the fields around her beloved Wotton, "like greedy yellow caterpillars", her preoccupation with what is felt to be the rape of the countryside marks the charming story "Fortunatus Rex & Co." and the *Mystery of the Disappearing Girls*. Miss Fitzroy Robinson's select boarding establishment of princesses is soon overshadowed by Fortunatus's speculative building schemes. But perhaps one should not cur, since it is precisely this combination of traditional fairy tale elements with modern menace that produces so much of the humour in these stories.

Naomi Lewis alerts the reader to this aspect in the brief introduction provided for each story. "We do, you think, and the song 'The Daisy' was written": "I was reminded now and then of *Amel, Alice, Gulliver, or The King (can you track down where?)* . . ."; "Don't forget *Mr. H. Burnett's Sara Crew* . . .". Such questioning and mention carry disturbing suggestions of the schoolroom, for which, once sincerely hope, the book was intended—nothing would do the pleasures it offers more school. E. Nesbit herself hated school, that she had learnt nothing was obvious, and in her own words it is only a place from which to run away. She believed that of a child's education came time, play, and through his own experiences, both of books and of the world about him. A determined individualist, she carried little for arbitrary respect and imposed discipline exacted in school, and her work asserts a single theme: any other, it is that of the rebelliousness of authority, the need for self-reliance and for the independent invention so splendidly denounced in the books themselves.

Julia Briggs

## Private's lives

ROY PALMER (Editor):  
The Rambling Soldier  
Kestrel, £3.50. (7226 5294 1)  
Penguin, £1.75 (14 047 103 0)

Much has been written about the battles and campaigns of the British army but little has come from that vital component, the private soldier. Until recently it had been assumed that the annals of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were composed entirely of cupid and illiterate men. Doubtless there were many such, but there were also exceptions, and as old diaries and letters come to light we may find other examples of their writings, of the kind included in this excellent collection made by Roy Palmer.

Mr. Palmer is no sentimentalist. He has served in the army himself and has an impartial though discerning eye. Here he has made a carefully documented selection of songs and writings of soldiers who served between 1750 and 1900. The extracts are arranged in sections dealing with enlistment, life in the army, battle, and life after discharge. Mr. Palmer's explanations and footnotes are clear and adequate and the book is well illustrated from old prints and drawings. Some of the scenes described,

such as floggings and executions are appalling. After a time, however, the reader begins to see the entire regiment was made to march by mark time, and took directly to the body. The staidest man scarcely credible. Thomas Jones describes how his leg was wrenched without an anaesthetic. He saw a man being shot and when he saw the house he said to the sergeant, "Oh, Sir, have you not got a box saw?" He said he was sorry he had not, they were all worn out. Such injuries a man might get in small pension, perhaps a day's pay. The description of the day of the *Alamo* by Thomas Gage so vivid that the reader feels he is not to be uncomfortably involved, but generally in the book there is no emphasis and there is no self-pity.

A number of women come to join the army and, more surprisingly, to remain in it. One of them was a woman who was married and had a child. She was not only married but also remained in the army. Some had jobs to do with their husbands, others were in the army for the love of adventure.

These selections give a picture of what army life was like, and the book is therefore not merely absorbing to read but also a valuable piece of social history.

Philip Warner

## NON-FICTION

## Creatures great and small

SUSAN KNOBLER:  
The Black Ant  
A. and C. Black. £1.75 (7136 1692 X)

GUN BJÖRK:  
Bees (7207 0963 6)  
Shrews (7207 0964 4)  
Illustrated by Ingvar Björk  
Translated by Joan Tate  
Pelham, £1.95 each.

GWYNNE VEVERS:  
Octopus, Cuttlefish and Squid  
Illustrated by Joyce Bea  
Bodley Head, £2.25. (370 10806 X)

TERRY JENNINGS:  
Mammals in Britain and Ireland  
A. and C. Black. £2.55. (7136 1694 6)  
Paperback £1.35. (7136 1695 4)

This collection suggests that there are good and not-so-good ways to present aspects of natural history in book form to younger readers. For each of these books, illustrations are obviously all-important and the illustrations' names, which looms large just below the authors' in the cases where there has been collaboration. In two of the books the text is heavily outweighed by the pictures and in another the pictures are relegated to the back cover. As the two most textually informative books are also the two most expensive it is possible that the dearth of words in the other three reflects an attempt to keep the price down. That worthy objective could be readily achieved, I suspect, if the publishers opted for less armoured, playing around their wares. None of these titles is too important to be seen in limp covers.

Susan Knobler's *The Black Ant*, one of A. and C. Black's Books Without Words, shows several episodes of ant life, the ants being greatly enlarged and the text, such as it is, being greatly reduced. As the pages are not numbered it must be as confusing for a child as it is for a reviewer to locate the places to which any one of the numbered commentaries applies. Recalling my own youthful passion for ant-watching, I should be inclined if I were an ant's nest.

Gun and Ingvar Björk work well together to produce several accounts of bees and shrews, the delicate and imaginative watercolours of these animals being nicely balanced against rectangles of boldly

printed text. Bees are not such engaging creatures as shrews—although they are far more interesting—and their ways are not easily explained to children. Perhaps this is why *Shrews* succeeds better as a book. *Bees* attempts to simplify facts which are not easily simplified, such as "In the abdomen of the female bee is the poison gland. This is the sting." It is nothing of the kind. It is refreshing to see an index in each of these attractive books. There is no good reason why even very young readers should be deprived of this vital literary aid.

In *Octopus, Cuttlefish and Squid* the distinctive talents of author and artist are also combined admirably, as they need to be since their subjects are unfamiliar to most children (and most adults too). This book is more than a compilation: Gwynne Vever's has introduced some of his own observations of octopus behaviour, something which his position as Curator of the Aquarium at the Zoological Society of London enables him to do with easy authority. It is a compliment to his fluent pen that he makes the octopus lovable rather than repulsive.

## Rock folly

MIKE BYGRAVE and LINDA NASH:  
Rock  
Hamish Hamilton, £2.75.  
(241 89643 6)

"Rock came out of America along with Coca Cola, Hamburgers, Hollywood movies and blue suede shoes." Rock aims to explain the history, business structure and technology of rock to young people who fancy making the music their career. It is a good idea but the approach is haphazard.

Mike Bygrave and Linda Nash manage to communicate clearly some basic information about such things as the origins of standard rock instruments, setting up a live performance, and how the money from record sales, but when it comes to more complex topics the writing is hopelessly vague. The book is riddled with mistakes. For example, "The higher the note, the shorter the wave and so the faster the sound travels." Presumably this means the faster the air vibrates, to say rock 'n' roll was originally black music for white people is a tired half truth; and The Eagles and Poco are

disasters, that of 1915 when over 200 perished at Quintinshill (not Quintinshill, surely); the "Dickens accident at Staplehurst"; the "Clayton Claydon" tunnel tragedy; and a bizarre incident on the Somerset and Dorset, an occurrence worthy of Buster Keaton.

This is a lively and imaginatively conceived book, and full marks go to the author for her chapter on heroes and heroines; how to encourage to see the strong, smiling face of driver Benjamin Gimbert, who by drawing away a blazing wagon of bombs in 1944 saved Boham, Cambridgeshire, from destruction.

Colin Watson

Anthony Wall

## Worlds beyond

IAN RIDPATH:  
Signs of Life  
The Search for Life in Space  
Kestrel, £2.75. (7226 5275 5)  
Penguin, £1.25. (047 104 9)

In this revision of a previous book, Ian Ridpath develops the arguments in favour of the existence of other forms of intelligent life in the universe. We know that stars are being created continuously, and the formation of planets is to be expected, but can these planets generate intelligent life-forms? The question is answered by considering the conditions of life itself, the evolution of man, and the development of a stable civilization. Simple organic molecules have been detected in those regions of space where stars

*Mammals in Britain and Ireland*, based on good photographs and a succinct, authoritative text, presents a reasonably comprehensive survey of most existing British and Irish species of mammals. Most of the photographs are good and some are outstanding, none more so than Heather Angel's exquisite study of a dormouse. The text accompanying each photograph is of variable length and interest and is sometimes too brief to be useful. The modern tendency to glorify a picture at the expense of the text is as apparent here as it is in most books based on photographs obtained from various agencies. On the other hand the photographs of flying bats seem to have been trimmed because the "wings" would have occupied too much space. Terry Jennings has written an informative text but his book is emphatically for visual enjoyment, a tribute to the patience and skill of the numerous wildlife photographers who have contributed to it. This book, and that by Gwynne Vever's, may confidently be recommended to adults as well as older children.

S. Peter Dance

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**JOHN BROWN, ROSE AND THE MIDNIGHT CAT**  
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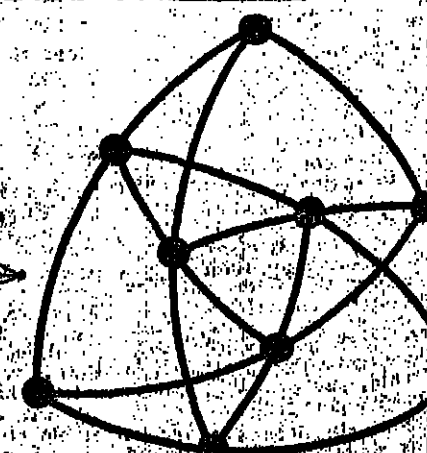
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# Questions of upbringing

By David Bazelon

ERNEST BORNEMAN (Editor):  
The Psychoanalysis of Money  
364pp. Pluto Press. £8.70.

The *Psychoanalysis of Money* offers a representative selection of what psychoanalysis has had to say about money: sandwiched between expositions by Ernest Borneman, the editor, it begins with Freud's famous essay "Character and Anal Eroticism" (1908) and continues through a baker's dozen or so of pieces to conclude with Paul Schilder's rediscovery of the labour theory of value (1940) in "The Psychology of Economics". The thread of this sandwich is rather thick, however: close to a third of the text is the product of the editor.

Ernest Borneman has a substantial background in the psychoanalytic movement. Now in his early seventies, he studied with G. S. Rabin and Wilhelm Reich. He mentions in his introduction that he worked for eleven years on an "anthology of the scatological vocabulary of colloquial German"; the jacket credits him with *Psychoanalytic Studies on Sexual Deviations*, a five-volume series of *Studies Toward the Liberation of the Child*, and a forthcoming work on "the anthropology of woman's role in the family".

What he is up to here is mixing Marx with Freud, in order to refurbish each. He divides the book into three sections. In the first are five pieces by Freud and his close followers; on the classical anal theory of money. The second part contains five more essays, this time from the phylogeny side of the street, but still recapitulating the classical theory as well as primal patricide, mother's milk, and sundry other basic Freudian preoccupations. A final five in the third section are labelled "Psychoanalytic Studies of Money Outside the Realm of the Anal Theory". Here the editor has some ambivalence about adjustment people (American, of course), as well as presenting the best essay in the collection—André Amar's "A Psychoanalytic Study of Money"—and a concluding piece by Paul Schilder. Almost everything Schilder has to say here has since been said better and more elegantly by others, such as Herbert Marcuse, comments the editor. But Schilder had an important clinical reputation, and the essay "was the first half-way attempt at study the conservative professional journal *Psychoanalytic Review* dared print". So it is included. It is a puerile rendering of one or two standard Marxist notions.

In this purportedly non-anal section, Borneman includes a piece by two American therapists, William Kuttman and Stanley Blanton. Each relates firmly to the proposition that people are emotional and even irrational about money. The first sets forth a detailed outline of the proposition—a Marxistist. B. shows off spending, and so on.

The middle part contains anthropological material and, as is usual with that, much of it is fascinating. Most of it would have been even more fascinating if the writers were able to write at greater length without pausing to reassure themselves about the propriety of their theoretical views concerning humanity and daddy, and this and that origin, and other cornerstones of Freud's edifice. One of my least favourite of these, unfortunately, is the logic of inversion Freud used to design his image of the unconscious as "reaction-formation". With this one, you are positioned so very inside-out, and just as the conversation begins.

This middle section begins with a collection of three essays. "Some Data from Cultural History" is about the Subject of the Money Complex and Anal Eroticism—to the effect that anal eroticism in various older times and places was regarded to "expose their intentions in public".

In Naples, it was additionally necessary to report three times: "Let all those whom I owe something come forward and collect." Note that the Lord's Prayer in English flows thus: "And forgive

us our debts, as we forgive our debtors". Then we have a real psychoanalytic treat: two articles by William H. Desmond, in the first of which "the beginning of coined money [is] associated with the primitive anal erotic fantasies", while in the second it is discovered that "money, which originated in the obtaining and distribution of food, symbolized mother's milk and other various emotions and ideas connected with breast-feeding". I would add that money can also be viewed as a reaction-formation against the felt lack of it. In this perspective, an overdrawn bank account is clearly a "return of the repressed".

S. H. Posinsky has contributed a long, factually rich essay on the crazy Yurok Indians of California. The Yuroks are as anal as a group can be. Very stingy and possessive. They have no sex in the winter. They also believe in wealth magic, and seem to have organized themselves around their special shell-money.

Little Yuroks, being trained to eat, "are told to take a little food with their spoon . . . to chew slowly and thoroughly, meanwhile thinking always of becoming rich."

Nobody is supposed to talk during the meal, so that everybody can concentrate on thoughts of wealth. With all this concentration on wealth and wealththought, the Yuroks have some difficulties—including *telogeri*, or "pains", which the author, using elaborate psychoanalysis, believes to be the inevitable other side of the dentition. The Yuroks are Yurok money. Posinsky goes in for elaborate analysis, as in the following:

It has been emphasized that the basic castration anxiety stems from the pre-Oedipal period and is the result of hostility toward the phallic mother and the undifferentiated mother and father, with the negative and positive Oedipal complex reinforcing this repressed helplessness, hostility, and guilt.

Maybe. But if so, so what? Neither Yurok society nor the grand subject of money have been much affected. On the other hand, the final Freudian explanation of everything has occurred. And that we knew—oh, so well already.

One reads the sections on anthropology, and indeed on neurosis, with the strongest feeling that there have been few if any mistakes that the editor has successfully avoided. The elaborate and extreme examples of individual evil and nonsense are repaid beyond describing or cataloguing, both as to current neurotics and older primitives. Unfortunately, this immense range of experience allows for fine-tuning, encouragement, almost any simple-minded know-it-all theory about almost anything.

When I read Freud as a young man, the experience was overwhelming. The world out there was thereby discovered; an edictively that when I soon afterwards read Dostoevsky I was pleased to see that all three of us were now thinking along the same line. Freud had the greatest imagination. He took the most complicated matters and clarified them so that even a child could understand them. I had done any grown-up living at all. He was the profoundest and, rhetorically, the best of all post-Darwinian reductionists. Which type, it now appears, are the truest heroes of our blessed age of experience allows for fine-tuning, encouragement, almost any simple-minded know-it-all theory about almost anything.

In his lead essay in the collection (the last distinguished piece of writing until one gets to page 277), Freud once again does his characteristically perfect thing for us. The first paragraph reads:

Among those whom we try to help by our psychoanalytic efforts we often come across a type of person who is marked by the possession of a certain set of character-traits, while at the same time he shows a special tendency to the behaviour in his childhood of one of his bodily functions and the organ concerned in it.

Isn't that fine, for one sentence? What is left? The organ? The title of the essay is "Character and

Anal Eroticism". I know the organ. The second and final sentence of the first paragraph reads:

I cannot say at this date what particular occasions began to give me an impression that there was some organic connection between this type of character and this behaviour of an organ, but I can assure the reader that no theoretical expectation played any part in that impression.

It is a brilliant essay and I doubt whether anything in the past sixty-eight years of reading or listening that nation of money and the anal character (excepting its occasional current application and frequent timeless misuses) has touched it. The key sentence, perhaps, is this:

It is therefore plausible to suppose that these character-traits of orderliness, parsimony, and obstinacy, which are so often prominent in people who were formerly anal erotics, are to be regarded as the first and most constant results of the sublimation of anal erotism.

Notice that here, at the beginning of the essay, Freud has already sent us a plausible supposition about the origin of certain character-traits, not a dogma as to the eternal placeless nature of money.

The idea of anality-and-money connected—all the way from an infant's earliest relation to his first possession, to the grand image of the thin-lipped, right-angled Protestant as ruling baron of capitalism—is not uninteresting or unimportant, although it no longer has its earlier clarification value. It is not the idea itself, but what is made of it, that one objects to. After all, shitting would be a very important activity (with who knows what ramifications) if it had nothing at all to do with wealth. The idea of anality, with its simplifications have been pursued—and captured—in the name of this anal insight. Even if the imaginings of all the epigones were true, they make too much of what is not the idea itself, but the recurrent question "So what?" simply recurs.

The subject of this collection is supposed to be money as well as psychoanalysis. And the money system, no matter what it is, is not now to be reduced to infant donkey. That is so not only now, but much it may or may not still be related to, derived from, etc., that same external profound memory of doodle (except in the instance of rather curious individuals). In fact, writing a whole new book of describing it, their effort, *The Paper Economy*, 1963, the money system can be characterized quickly as a far greater intellectual/spiritual creation than any work of art in the past thousand years. Understand fully what I mean: the money system is not, nevertheless, mean it literally. Michelangelo and people like him are not the sum and substance of human creativity. Maybe, of individual creativity—but not the sum of what all of generation after generation can do with the big things, together. Money is one of the biggest things we have done—probably bigger, certainly more sophisticated, than the wheel. Money in modern times is a contract with parties unknown for the future delivery of pleasures undelivered upon.

It is amazing how dull psychoanalytic writing, that once stimulating system of thought, has become. What was once so magisterially suggestive is now an dogmatic, boring, uninteresting. Why? Because of the way we do the big things, together. Money is one of the biggest things we have done—probably bigger, certainly more sophisticated, than the wheel. Money in modern times is a contract with parties unknown for the future delivery of pleasures undelivered upon.

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Freud was less valiant in emphasis than some of his co-workers and followers; more of a fatalist,

certainly later on, after realizing that there was no necessary connection between bringing repressed material to consciousness. But he was profoundly a reductionist, at the centre of his thought, in his mapping of the unconscious mind: even a mechanistic scientist, he thought he knew the full content of the unconscious. It was, for him, an unconscious and not an unknown.

The unconscious mind or the unknown mind—the prejudice in the choice of a word. The first presumes a final benefit from bringing to consciousness; the second assumes an eternal residue no matter what or how much is brought to consciousness. (These contrasting views are beautifully expressed in Freud—*Requiem for the Pleasure Principle*—and in D. H. Lawrence—*The Fantasia of the Unconscious*. Notice that this is something like classicism—and romanticism all over again.) If we accept Freud's fully mapped "unconscious", how do we allow for the truly indeterminate, the still unknown? Freud's "unconscious" ended up not being unconscious to him. He seemed to know all about it. It was, after his mapping, simply less or differently "conscious" to him? Can knowing, in this way, be a real conquest of the total unknown? Or is the known object just not thereafter unknown quite as much or in the same way as previously?

But now please note that Freud presumed to know man's soul, not the arena of his action. He seemed startledly unconcerned with that other "unknown" area: so much so, that readers even got the idea that he hadn't heard of or considered it.

Whole schools were subsequently founded on this supposed omission. I could never believe that, and have always assumed he was concentrating on his discoveries and leaving the other stuff to us. But there was, finally, a very strange and fateful intellectual isolation from other streams of thought, here (with the exception of Jung, who was fully mapped "unconscious") have been justified, in his own case, but has been a curse upon the subsequent generations in psychoanalysis.

This area of the ignored unknown of Freud's belonged to Karl Marx, the other great know-it-all of our epoch. Where Freud knew too much about the unconscious, Marx knew too much about history. He mapped it too well and, like Freud, made it too difficult (some said unnecessary) for ordinary people to account for structural indeterminacy, mutations like Stalin, and other unknowns.

While it is true that humans often do not know what they are doing, it is equally true that that knowledge of the unconscious can account for all psychological things. Equally, it is not true that class accounts for all political things. Why did these great thinkers think that? Because we do not know what we are doing, and that's why they were great thinkers: because of the way they could be used and misused. If you do not lend yourself to misuse, you are not going to be important except to those who do not need you in that way.

Marxism—by its nature and even where Marx himself was concerned—was more essentially salvational than Freudianism. But both grand theories—though salvational, useful when in the shadow of subtle minds, and still inoperable as background to modern thought—were, and still are, too ambitious, too easily simplified, too easily used to explain it all religiously. And now there is a very strong move afoot—new, but newly augmented—to make an amalgam of the psychological and historical perspectives. Now Marx and Freud represent, now really hold the world by the tail, having alternately two bundles on whatever may come up. With Freud for the "inside" man and Marx for the "outside" one, you are ever in danger of ending up with the complete analysis of everything.

And this is what Ernest Borneman proposed in his book. He wants the two giants joined in co-operation to lead us into the final battle against capitalism and its money god. Would it work? Is it necessary? Do we really need it? Or is it just a minor last gasp of the exhausted mind, whereby each giant can say to the other's fall, "I told you so." The latter, I think.

Back in the 1940s, some of the intellectual left in America, using Freud to understand the world, were engaged in a project as early as the 1920s. It was reasserted with the course of securing and the success conferred by the then-leading audience TV youth. (It is interesting to note that a fairly successful, on a par with a Freud, was a fair success. Twice as good or twice as bad, as the junction of giants? Well, not to be quite sure to survive reductionist undertow of. With both together, maybe a genius could manage to win his own direction.

In this respect, Freud's man is not alone. Here, I quote the entire paragraph 46 of his introduction:

Judging by all the clinical coverings made by Freud and his disciples, there is no reason to assume that a desire for private ownership of the means of production would have any in a socialist society with private wealth and wage earning. For that, and only that, is meant by the concept of "class" or "capitalism". The fact that some of the collected is undoubtedly a 214pp. Hassocks: Harvester Press. The 1940s development, 28.95 (paperback, £2.95).

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for the prevention of capitalism. The analysis of money must develop into a therapy that will cure us of the interest in it.

To characterize capitalism as a neurosis, at this stage of the game, is a startlingly uninteresting. (Adding historical insult to this intellectual injury, he tells us Freud was a bourgeois.) Evidently the solution of illness now lies in political action.

Which means, I guess, that illness is man's condition and the recipe for that is either political action or grin-and-bear-and the latter is bourgeois. Political action? I take that to mean choosing one's own symptom. If there is no cure, then the choice of symptom becomes the most task—and the only solution. Clearly, we live in a very unhealthy situation.

The strain of psychoanalytic thought that Borneman here attempts to speak for is a pure Rousseauesque salvational one, going back to Reich, and perhaps even further back, to Freud's early hope for the curative effect of unexpressed repressed material. It was that a repressive society creates a repressed person, and vice versa; overcome the repression of either, the liberation of the other will follow. This is the political

By Geoffrey V. Gray

ANDREW COLLIER:  
R. D. Laing: The Philosophy and Politics of Psychotherapy

R. D. Laing: The Philosophy and Politics of Psychotherapy. 214pp. Hassocks: Harvester Press. The 1940s development, 28.95 (paperback, £2.95).

But now please note that Freud presumed to know man's soul, not the arena of his action. He seemed startledly unconcerned with that other "unknown" area: so much so, that readers even got the idea that he hadn't heard of or considered it.

Whole schools were subsequently founded on this supposed omission. I could never believe that, and have always assumed he was concentrating on his discoveries and leaving the other stuff to us. But there was, finally, a very strange and fateful intellectual isolation from other streams of thought, here (with the exception of Jung, who was fully mapped "unconscious") have been justified, in his own case, but has been a curse upon the subsequent generations in psychoanalysis.

This area of the ignored unknown of Freud's belonged to Karl Marx, the other great know-it-all of our epoch. Where Freud knew too much about the unconscious, Marx knew too much about history. He mapped it too well and, like Freud, made it too difficult (some said unnecessary) for ordinary people to account for structural indeterminacy, mutations like Stalin, and other unknowns.

While it is true that humans often do not know what they are doing, it is equally true that that knowledge of the unconscious can account for all psychological things. Equally, it is not true that class accounts for all political things. Why did these great thinkers think that? Because we do not know what we are doing, and that's why they were great thinkers: because of the way they could be used and misused. If you do not lend yourself to misuse, you are not going to be important except to those who do not need you in that way.

local/psychological nexus: for "changing things". For Borneman, overcoming repression is overcoming capitalism, and that's that. So Freud and Marx are joined in highest moral union: as in the following statement:

If social existence determines psychic being, psychic repression represents a social form of repression, the repression of the sensuous, useful, and concrete by the abstract and useless. Viewed historically, the process of the repression of use value by exchange value. The seed of this repression is the exchange of goods where that transubstantiation occurs by which the products of labour become commodities. The personal, sensuous, concrete qualities of both the labour which makes the object and of the function the object is to serve are wiped out, and metamorphosed into an abstract, personal, desensitized something: exchange value. The daily, unavoidable, ineluctable transformation of all tangible values into intangible, exchangeable categories such as commodities, money, prices and wages utterly changed the psychic life of man in capitalism as compared to the feudal period. The natural, sensuous needs of man have been largely

easily to him; while it is the insane man's commitment to the truth which drives him crazy.

Laing's doctrine of the relativity of reality very likely reflects his interests in Eastern thought, particularly Buddhism. Indeed, his view of reality seems indistinguishable from the Buddhist view, which is perhaps best expressed in the question which asks whether I am a dreamer or a dream dreamed by

Jack thinks Jill is having an affair with Tom. He confides in Jane, Jill's best friend, who confirms his suspicions. So does Tom. Jill denies everything. He leaves. Jill and the children go to live with Jane. Actually, it was Jane and Tom who were secret lovers: a fact Jack and Jill never knew. I should say that this little story quite representative of Laing's literary work. Adults in his poems are always named "Jack" and "Jill" for Laing means for us to view them—at least psychologically—as children. Typically these children are lost in a web of deceit, surrounded by a complex network of black-and-white—and provide the reader with the opportunity to adopt a child moral posture and in so doing feel both morally superior and "innocent".

Laing's literary productions, then, reflect not only the exaggerated view of himself as a visionary, but also a comment on ordinary people: "Jack" and "Jill" are at best children, at worst puzzle pieces in a hall of mirrors. The ordinary experience of ordinary people, however, for instance, the victim of jealousy, betrayal, and desire, comes R. D. Laing to deliver us the truth. But the truth is always imposed arbitrarily; it never emerges out of the materials of the story.

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repressed. The earning of money, the discipline of the work place, and the renunciation of instinctual gratification have taken their place.

André Amar, in his essay which was published in 1956 in *Revue Française de Psychanalyse*, is the only one in the whole book who actually discusses money for what it is. (Incidentally, it is debt.) His presentation is very superior, a close, careful, sophisticated treatment of the matter in its true complexity. And excellently written (which must be something like an Oedipal crime, in this profession, that none after the Father may commit). Even the poetic moments are successful, as—"It is through money that the Oedipal confrontation is." In a fifteen-page essay, he devotes the first six pages to re-creating the methodology of applying psychoanalysis to social phenomena—in our previous terms, jolider of the giants. He is convincing in this as well, and encourages me to hope again that it can all be done, now and again—sometimes, somewhere—properly.

Professor Borneman, however, finds this essay wanting. "But in spite of the courage of his questions and the elegance of his dialectical method, Amar shies away

vision? What is he up to when he writes about families, schizophrenics, and even contemporary society in this way? The answer is very simple: he is introducing into the psychological and social sciences a new method of seeing and evil. Thus the family and their henchmen, psychiatrists, are evil; their schizophrenic victims good. Likewise cities, schools, churches, business and marriage are evil; the insane, the crazed, the indolent, good. It is this underlying "morality" intruded into psychology, moreover, which accounts for Laing's phenomenal popularity, especially among the young. For Laing satiates a curious longing to savage not only the family but Western civilization as well. Of course, Laing's pronouncements are no more than a masquerade of moral judgement, surrounded by a complex network of black-and-white—and provide the reader with the opportunity to adopt a child moral posture and in so doing feel both morally superior and "innocent".

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from advancing the answer that stares him in the face." The answer Amar misses "can only be found gropingly and in the act of resistance against the corruption and degradation of man in bourgeois society".

Thus, the quality of the best piece in the book is missed by the editor because a commitment to struggle against evil was not placed centre stage and introduced as a discovery.

There is a desperate, urgent, avoid mental loss in the educated world. A few decades ago highbrows in America called it the middlebrow mind, for funny reasons of their own. Since then the mentality in question has found a well-appointed home in our universities, while the number of its victims or practitioners has been geometrically augmented, as has their state of having absorbed most of the education the country has to offer. I suggest a new one—*simply*. People who, exactly because they are such well-educated professionals—occupying a great range of situations in corporate and governmental organizations as well as universities—just after simple action-solutions which have one and only one required characteristic: they must be beneath the

believers' intellectual level. Indulging reductionism, one of course finally ends up reducing oneself.

The idea of the final simple single-cause, the great big Truth, whether the fully-known unconscious or the Armageddon of heaven-forded, both together—is a derivative of the God-idea. Why did we abandon the original only to take up this cheap substitute? The single-cause view is wrong not because the particular causal factor is not involved, even regularly, in action—it may well be—but because it cannot possibly be equally determinative in all situations. Not, in other words, simple.

A final word—about words. Simplicities live newly, uncomfortably in a world of words. They thought arriving there would fulfill them; they didn't know the attendant tragedy of living in a world of fleshless words. Further, it is in the nature of words always to distort by summing up too well and too readily. Reading or hearing words are properly occasions for re-examining the fuller world that is merely referred to by the writer or speaker—not, as unhappily so often with so many opportunities for substituting literary reality for the real damned thing.

This insight into Laing's work is absolutely on target, but, unfortunately, Collier does not follow through with it: after the first chapter it is mentioned again only briefly in passing. Nevertheless, it is precisely this defect, which, incidentally, derives from and expresses what Martin Butler called a disease of subjectivity, that gives Laing the licence to savage the whole of Western civilization. For it is Laing's unwillingness to discipline his subjectivity and so to attend to reality which constitutes a psychology such as his—that is a psychology marred by irresponsible thinking, moral crudity, and rhetorical excess.

This insight into Laing's work aside, Collier has little else that is new to say. The book is a scholarly work which seeks to present in summary Laing's psychological approach and to amplify the philosophical and political presuppositions in which Laing's work is embedded. Consequently long sections are devoted to such topics as the influence of existential philosophy, particularly the work of Sartre; the theoretical differences between existential analysis and Freudian analysis; Laing's radical political ideas; and so on. The manner in which Collier presents his material, however, is unsatisfactory. Again and again throughout the book the changes in Laing's thought and discourse. In discussing existential philosophy, for instance, Collier seems to assume absolute philosophical naivety on the part of the reader and thus devotes a number of pages to basic notions of existentialism.

In other parts of his book, however, he delves into rather sophisticated philosophical issues without sufficiently preparing the reader (e.g. his discussion of the argument over the relative value of meaning versus causation in psychological theory). At times, therefore, Collier's book is overly simplistic at other times needlessly dense. Any reading is like travelling on a roller coaster—rarely does the reader enjoy the comfort of moving smoothly on a consistently level surface.

Collier's study is to be recommended to those readers interested in the intellectual currents informing Laing's work. On matters theoretical and methodological, Collier cannot be faulted. But his study does not confront the fundamental issues posed by Laing; it does not deal effectively with Laing as a moralist. For, in the end, it is not Laing's extreme subjectivism or his Marxist politics that make his work objectionable; it is the utter crudity of his moral view—a view so crude really as to escape the moral realm altogether. We expect every psychologist to be a moralist. What we examine in him is the quality of this moral discrimination. As a scholar, Collier, however, is so good that he actually succeeds in muddling morality—and this, it must be said, is evil.

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## Looking on the dark side

By Anthony Storr

KEITH M. MAY:  
Out of the Maelstrom  
Psychology and the Novel in the  
Twentieth Century  
135pp. Elek. £5.50.

Keith M. May has set himself a formidable task. Taking as his text Virginia Woolf's remark about the "dark side" of the human mind, he explores in London that "in or about December, 1910, human character changed", he has undertaken to explore the relation between changes in the novel and the impact of psychoanalysis and post-psychoanalytic theory. This is an important theme, and Dr May provides us with some genuine flashes of insight; but his book is too short for its purpose, and must be regarded as no more than a suggestive prolegomenon.

In his first chapter, for example, which he calls "Fovest and the European Novel at the Turn of the Century", we are given brief glimpses of Zola, Hardy, Henry James, Conrad, Kafka and Thomas Mann: a breathless rush which does no more than throw out hints as to Dr May's main theme, surely one of the oldest in the world—the divergence between man's consciousness and the world of Nature from which he is derived.

How do novelists attempt to heal the gap? According to Dr May, Hardy was defeated by the problem, unable to reconcile the "high" and the "low". Not so Henry James, whose way, we are told, is to resist not evil. In a perceptive passage, Dr May affirms that Freud and James shared at least one concept of human nature: the idea that the highest and the lowest are inseparable, and that no man can rid himself of the latter without impairing the former.

I cannot agree with Dr May when he links Conrad with James in seeing "a need for modern man to accept his dark side". Conrad, to my mind, is a writer who, like a novelist, consciously concerned with control of impulse and the disasters which follow when control slackens or is lost, rather than with integration or synthesis. Has Dr May never read Boris Pasternak's description of Conrad?

He thought of civilized and morally tolerable human life as a dangerous walk on a thin crust of barely cooled lava which at any moment might break and let the unwary sink into fiery depths. He was very conscious of the

various forms of passionate madness to which man is prone, and it was this that gave him such a profound belief in the importance of discipline.

Bernard Meyer, in what is still one of the few readable "psychoanalytic biographies" (Joseph Conrad, 1967), describes in detail which is mostly convincing Conrad's psychopathology: his hypochondria, his fetishism, his fear of domination by women. Conrad's demeanour, in relation with both men and women, was always guarded. There was surely because he never came to terms with his "dark side" and could consequently never afford to let down his guard.

And Dr May takes an over-optimistic view of Freud. "Freud's own life's work was a massive spiritual enterprise aimed, quite obviously, at pushing man up the evolutionary ladder." Let us turn to *Civilization and its Discontents*. "I have endeavoured to guard myself against the enthusiastic prejudice which holds that our civilization is the most precious thing that we possess or could acquire and that its path will necessarily lead

to heights of unimaginable perfection."

Freud, in any case, was primarily a reductionist, interested in the origin of creative endeavour from the psychopathology, and in the context rather than the form of works of art. He was not really concerned with the way in which a writer transforms his psychopathology or makes a new synthesis from it. This is why Freud, as a literary critic, is ultimately unsatisfactory. As Trilling said of him: "But he is always, I think, outside the process of literature. . . . He does not have what we call the feel of the thing."

This is no doubt why, when Dr May progresses to consider Jung, he is more convincing. Although Dr May's analysis is ludicrously silly in his judgments of both Freud and Jung, it is possible to interpret his writings, as Dr May does, in terms of Jung's concept of individuation. I can be convinced by Dr May's proposition that the sequence of Jung's novels is an attempt to discover his real, genuine self as opposed to the "persona" imposed upon him by society and his family background. I would also agree that

## Looking well ahead

By Patrick Parrinder

THOMAS D. CLARESON (Editor):  
Many Futures, Many Worlds  
Theme and Form in Science Fiction  
303pp. Ohio: Kent State University Press/Pandemic Ltd. \$12.50 (paperback \$5.50).

Thomas D. Clareson, first chairman of the Science Fiction Research Association and founder editor of *Extrapolation*, is the personification of SF's new-found academic respectability. His publications include a bibliography of critical essays, *SF: The Other Side of Realism* (1971), and an exhaustive annotated checklist of SF criticism. Readers of the present collection, however, might be excused for overlooking that field and wondering why Dr Clareson presides is neither a very lively nor a very rigorous one.

The selection of material in *SF: The Other Side of Realism* is catholic in the extreme. *Many Futures, Many Worlds* is, at first glance, much more homogeneous. The contributors (apart from Sam-

uel R. Delany) are all American academics, they all practise the mode of the scholarly article and their subject-matter is largely drawn from American SF of the post-war period. The themes and forms of the genre, in fact, are examined within an unexpectedly narrow compass.

Dr Clareson himself takes a pluralistic stance, dismissing any attempt to confine science fiction to a rigid definition or philosophical outlook—or, for that matter, to the modern period. Criticism which sees it solely as a product of the Gensackian ethos, or even of the twentieth century as a whole, is, in his view, a concept which is surely far more vague than its champions suppose. The book ends (where it might well have started) with Samuel Delany's scintillating essay on critical methods, reproduced from the first number of *Extrapolation*. The essays are complementary, Delany argues. They are for the modern writer, in a way, rather than for the critic who avows the highest admiration for von Vogt's *World of Null-A*. Dr Clareson's initial directions are, in fact, ignored by quite a few of his chosen contributors.

On page 6, after all, we find Clarke's *Childhood's End* cited to illustrate SF's "early use of romantic epistemology". Later on Stanley G. Weinbaum is described as "possibly the most amazing science-fiction writer who ever lived"—and this by a critic who avows the highest admiration for von Vogt's *World of Null-A*. Dr Clareson's initial directions are, in fact, ignored by quite a few of his chosen contributors.

Lawrence's preoccupation with anal relationships between men and women was not a displaced manifestation of homosexuality, but an attempt to come to terms with and integrate the "shadow-side": to reconcile the most distasteful aspects of man's physical being with the rest of his nature.

Lawrence's basic drive was not towards anything resembling ordinary homosexual unions, but towards further insight into his own psyche as a means of self-unification. From this would inevitably follow a prescription for mankind, since in such a writer as Lawrence, philosophical even when he is most local and specific, concerned for society and the cure of the world's soul are identical.

I wish Dr May had followed this idea further. Narcissistic confusion between one's own soul and that of the world is characteristic of prophets. Jung, for example, having had a series of world-destructive dreams in 1913 and 1914, at first supposed that he was "menaced by a psychosis". But when

perhaps the clubbiness of American fanzine writing was found preferable to the rigours of critical jargon (Dr Clareson's term), he has put off the remarkable feat of compiling a book on "Theme and Form" which excludes all of the better-known theoretical critics of the genre. There could be no greater contrast between Mark Koss's recent *Science Fiction: A Critical View* on SF and the undemanding pragmatism of most of these essays.

The contributors to *Many Futures, Many Worlds* tend to buck the trend of SF as a "modern mythology": a concept which is surely far more vague than its champions suppose. The book ends (where it might well have started) with Samuel Delany's scintillating essay on critical methods, reproduced from the first number of *Extrapolation*. The essays are complementary, Delany argues. They are for the modern writer, in a way, rather than for the critic who avows the highest admiration for von Vogt's *World of Null-A*. Dr Clareson's initial directions are, in fact, ignored by quite a few of his chosen contributors.

This is an attractive theory, but

war broke out he changed his mind to understand what he had experienced coincided with the first obligation was to go to the depths of my own psyche. . . . It is another prophet whose conviction and that of the world is . . . Perhaps, in an effective pragmatism of this order is obligatory.

Jung's process of individuation, least a process in analysis, is a subject which explores an individual's terms with his own depths. . . . I wish he had made a later chapter, Dr May says. . . . The contrast between the rational view of action, as compared with the emotional, as a path to self-realization. . . . We may also find glances at Laing, Fromm, Sullivan and Fairbairn. . . . To omit any psychologist who has anything relevant to say, the consequence that Dr May's *Maelstrom* appears more superficial than in fact it is. . . . But he has a number of promising hares, a day may write a deeper and more convincing book upon a limited topic.

where does it currently lead, than to an appreciation of the new fiction? (One notes in *Many Futures, Many Worlds* that at least three contributors regard the feminist interest in a key modern text, while some are unable to agree on precisely who the protagonists are, and what they bear to present human reality. Patrick G. Hogan, in a rather essay on SF and the unconscious, somewhat different approach to the rhetoric of critical complexity: "How are dystopias were first formulated, an author's mind as a possible plan? . . . is just one of the many questions which arise from these two, however, few of the contributors reach even the halfway mark of critical speculation. . . . It is a pity that the most liberal-minded essays

Significant, perhaps, is the 'slave reading and rereading' in which *Many Futures, Many Worlds* is engaged. . . . The book is a preparation for writing his. . . . If this suggests why SF and its protagonists are, and what they bear to present human reality. . . . Patrick G. Hogan, in a rather essay on SF and the unconscious, somewhat different approach to the rhetoric of critical complexity: "How are dystopias were first formulated, an author's mind as a possible plan? . . . is just one of the many questions which arise from these two, however, few of the contributors reach even the halfway mark of critical speculation. . . . It is a pity that the most liberal-minded essays

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The editor himself writes insight into nineteenth-century life and just races—what, I wonder, do the chapters of Rider Haggard have to do with SF? . . . Warrick, in an excellent SF writers' response to the volume of cybernetics and ventures to quote a few of the relaxed and easy-going of this book.

Books on science fiction, a genre which scarcely existed years ago, are now a major part of publishers' catalogues. . . . It is a pity that the most liberal-minded essays

## Turbulent experiences

By F. T. Prince

WILLIAM KEACH:  
Elizabethan Erotic Narratives  
Irony and Pastiche in the Ovidian Poetry of Shakespeare, Marlowe, and their Contemporaries  
277pp. Hassocks: Harvester Press. £10.50.

William Keach brings together six Elizabethan and Jacobean poems of the type we now define as erotic epiphany, and sets them in relation to the poetry of Ovid and to one another. Two opulent masterpieces, Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* and Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, tend to outweigh the rest of the group: *Clara's Epithalamion*, Marston's *The Metamorphosis of Pigmalian's Image*, John Weever's *Faunus and Mellyflora* and Francis Beaumont's *Salmacis and Hermaphrodite*. A pattern emerges, in which the liberated erotic vision of the earlier pieces begins to be confused by a preoccupation (authentic or not) with satire and moral judgment. A final chapter contrasts Spenser's use of Ovidian material in the synthesizing and mythopoetic vision of *The Faerie Queene*, with the "openness to the turbulence of experience" which Ovid's example encouraged in the other poets.

The medieval moralization of Ovid was absorbed into and superseded by Florentine neo-Platonism, which gave a new depth and fluidity of meaning to classical mythology. But it was impossible for either type of allegory to accommodate the libertine and erotic Ovid, and it is therefore vain to try to fix a point in time at which there was a conscious flouting of which Dr Keach calls "the prevailing moral-

allegorical mode of interpretation". The early sixteenth-century humanists had already cleared away the most obvious absurdities. Golding or Spenser or Chapman might prolong or develop the suggestions of neo-Platonic philosophizing, but Renaissance classical studies had surely made it impossible to read the *Amatoria* and the *Amores* except as splendid erotica. However, there seems to be a perennial resistance to the idea that erotica can also be profound and powerful works of art. Consequently Dr Keach has to begin by pointing to aspects of Ovid's art which have been brought out by modern criticism and which are not so obvious as its wit and polish—to complexities of pathos and sensuality, to tragicomic conflicts, to latent tension and violence. He then turns to his cluster of epiphany, to demonstrate the presence in them of similar complexities and ironies.

If any single work benefits more than the others from this extended reconsideration, it is *Hero and Leander*. Marlowe was a scholar, and he is Ovidian, directly and consciously indebted to Ovid. In ways that Shakespeare is not. And he is of course a poet of demonic genius. His translation of the *Amores* may be the most important, and most important, of the earlier pieces begins to be confused by a preoccupation (authentic or not) with satire and moral judgment. A final chapter contrasts Spenser's use of Ovidian material in the synthesizing and mythopoetic vision of *The Faerie Queene*, with the "openness to the turbulence of experience" which Ovid's example encouraged in the other poets.

What, are there gods? herself she hath forswore.  
And yet remains the face she had before.  
Jove throws down woods and castles  
But bids his darts from perjured girls retire.

... God is a name, no substance,  
And doth the world in fond belief  
Or if there be a God, he loves fine  
wenches. . . .

Some years later there is complete mastery in his infusion of Ovid's master and manner into his recasting of *Musaeus*. His couplets vary between a swift pictorial narrative method akin to the *Metamorphoses*, and a forthright or demure epigrammatic commentary in which the tone and movement echo the *Amores*:

His dangling tresses that were never  
shorn,  
Had they been cut, and unto  
Colchos borne,  
Would have allured the venturous  
youth of Greece  
To hazard more than for the Golden  
Fleece. . . .

These arguments he used, and many  
more,  
Wherewith she yielded, that was  
won before.  
Hero's looks yielded, but her words  
made war;  
Women are won when they begin  
to last.

But what amazes most in *Hero and Leander* is Marlowe's ability, which the rest of his work would hardly have led one to expect, to combine explicit sensuality with tenderness and humorous compunction:

Love is not full of pity (as men say)  
But deaf and cruel, when he means  
to prey.  
Even as a bird, which in our hands  
we bring,  
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters  
with her wing,  
She trembling strove . . .  
By placing this passage beside the corresponding account of the consummation in *Musaeus*, Dr Keach shows that this aspect of the poem is wholly Marlowe's. He argues that, not only is it charged with pathos

and ironic insight, but that Ovid presided over Marlowe's achievement. He is certainly right on the first count, and may be so on the second.

Recent critical opinion on *Venus and Adonis* has rectified the disservice done to the poem by C. S. Lewis. We are now more ready to appreciate its mingled irony, comedy and pathos, and its very Shakespearean fusion of rich poetry and "country matters". Dr Keach's discussion does not greatly change the current look of the poem. Shakespeare having drastically recast the relationship between *Venus and Adonis* by making the youth an amalgam of Ovid's cold *Hemaphrodite*, self-regarding *Narcissus* and chaste *Hippolytus*, the poem lends itself easily to the search for erotic ambivalences, paradoxes and irrational animal impulses. The exhilarating speed and lightness and the balance of the various elements (including the "disgraces") may suggest that Shakespeare was less interested in these implications than Dr Keach maintains. But this is not to deny that the Ovidian tradition of witty eroticism enabled him to exploit in passing any dark or violent undercurrents—for example, in the context of the later *Titus Andronicus* by trying to kiss him:

And nuzzling in his flank, the loving  
swine  
Sheath'd unaware the tusk in his  
soft groin.  
The plan of the book cannot but seem to diminish the distance in poetic quality between Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* and the others. Dr Keach acknowledges the danger, but does not always seem sensitive to the difference between chalk and cheese (and cheesecake). Apart from the links with Ovid and the *Amores*, the poem's sensuality is wholly Marlowe's. He argues that, not only is it charged with pathos

the ineptitudes of *Pigmalian's Image*? The latter runs to only 134 lines, some halting and some forceful as an erotologist is to beg us to use our imaginations:

And now me thinks some wanton  
itching ear  
With lustful thoughts, and ill attention,  
List's to my Muse, expecting for that  
hears  
The amorous description of that  
action . . .  
Let him conceit but what himself  
would do. . . .

Dr Keach's assessment of poetic quality is often blurred by one of the most baneful devices of modern criticism, the intrusive narrator. The rise and use of this concept deserves to be traced by a sceptical historian. Has it arisen from the problems of expounding literary texts, and chiefly poems, in a society which has few insensitive or informed responses, and to which the gap between poetry and real life seems unbridgeable? Thus it is felt, for example, that Gray cannot be taken to have uttered the *Elegy* in his capacity as a poet, reflecting on human life from his own personal situation and experience. He must be supposed to devise a "narrator" persona (a stone-cutter or a humble composer of epitaphs, a servant of "the unletter'd Muse"). It then becomes the business of the critic or reader to deduce the character of this dramatic persona from the text, and to read the text in the light of the character—a somewhat circular procedure. Every poem has to be spoken by a ventriloquist's doll, and read as if it were a dramatic monologue by Browning. Dr Keach postulates a narrator for *Hero and Leander*, though his account of the poem does not always make use of him. But narrators come into their own when there is some apparent oddity or clumsiness, and it is no accident that *Leander's* narrator figures prominently in the analysis of *Glaucon and Scilla*.

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## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Hertfordshire  
County Council

BOREHAM WOOD COLLEGE  
Boreham Way, Boreham Wood  
Herts  
Tel: 01-263 0024/5

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ASSISTANT

Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of Senior Assistant Librarian to be responsible for the administration of the County Library. Salary: APS-25,414-27,774, plus pensionable benefits. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, giving age, experience, and qualifications, together with names of two referees, as soon as possible.

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for  
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Full-time and part-time posts available. Knowledge of French and English essential. Further languages useful. £3,500 to £4,000 p.a. according to qualifications. Please write with CV to: Mr. J. H. M. Meul, Foundation, 35 Wimpole Street, London W1V 4QJ.

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Credit Suisse White Wield Limited is a medium-sized international Merchant Bank situated in the City of London. To assist our corporate finance executives we are improving our internal library by recruiting a Librarian/Records Officer. We are seeking a professional Librarian to operate the library and supervise a staff of three. The successful applicant will also administer the company records and set in motion a programme to index these records. Experience of business library work would be an advantage. This permanent position with the company carries a competitive salary plus the following fringe benefits: non-contributory pension scheme, life insurance, BUPA, season ticket loan, luncheon vouchers, and after a qualifying period a subsidised mortgage scheme. Please write to Tom Kerrigan, Credit Suisse White Wield Limited, 122 Leadenhall Street, London EC3V 4QH.

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Applications are invited from qualified librarians or Fellows of the Library Association for two posts of Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in the following fields: 1. To teach in the fields of REFERENCE AND INFORMATION SERVICES AND SUBJECT BIBLIOGRAPHY, in the Department of Bibliographical Studies. 2. To teach INFORMATION RETRIEVAL INCLUDING CLASSIFICATION AND CATALOGUING, in the Department of Information Services. There will be opportunities to teach at all levels on the following programmes: University of Wales Joint Honours Degree of Bachelor of Librarianship. University of Wales Postgraduate Diploma in Librarianship. Graduate Programme for Library Association examinations (CLW Syllabus). Successful applicants will also supervise research students working for the University of Wales, Degree of Master of Librarianship. Information Department, managed by a staff of three. Further details should be obtained from the Registrar, College of Librarianship, Welsh Aberystwyth SY23 2AA. (Phone Aberystwyth 0970 3161.)

## INFORMATION OFFICER

£3,000-plus, negotiable.  
Required by the Rubber and Plastics Processing Industry Training Board at its Brentford Headquarters. Duties include the day-to-day running of the Board's Library. Information Department, managed by a staff of three. Further details should be obtained from the Registrar, College of Librarianship, Welsh Aberystwyth SY23 2AA. (Phone Aberystwyth 0970 3161.)

## THE BRITISH LIBRARY REFERENCE DIVISION

Library Association Library  
requires

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## LITERARY

## KATHLEEN RAINE

Reads her poems at  
WORDS ETCETERA  
89, Tottenham Street,  
London, N.1.  
Tel: 01-226 4809.  
At 8 p.m.,  
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50p entrance.  
Limited space.

## Looking for the sources

By Peter Quintermaine

JACK LINDSAY:  
Decay and Renewal  
Critical Essays on Twentieth Century  
Writings  
447pp. Lawrence and Wishart. £7.50.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," wrote Keats; the manifesto issued just over 100 years later by Sigmund Freud for the *Syndicate of Technical Writers*. . . . (In the book, which is a collection of essays, the subject is the aesthetic intuition, and not upon any more clash of dogmas: too often Marxist and bourgeois world have dealt wholly or at least largely with the sociological content and political moral, as can be seen from a great deal of Soviet criticism, thus a vague attempt to pass the aesthetic quality of the work as a by-product of style, symmetry and so forth.) As a personal level, Lindsay's approach to art brings him, as an Australian expatriate, to interpret the aesthetic intuition as a particular kind of aesthetic quality, a particular kind of aesthetic quality, a particular kind of aesthetic quality. . . . 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## KENT COUNTY COUNCIL

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Assistant**

for its Film and Videotape Library, Windmill Road, Brentford. The work involves research, production, and distribution of film and videotape material for use in the production of television programmes on an unlimited range of subjects and other BSO purposes. It also includes the cataloguing and subject classification of the collection; many aspects of the work involve elementary handling of film material.

Professional library qualifications or substantial professional experience in a library using recognition information techniques are essential, together with an informed interest in the field of television. The successful candidate will be expected to assume responsibility for the day to day running of the library, including the acquisition, storage, and dissemination of materials, and the supervision of a small support staff. Applications should be sent to the Personnel Officer, BBC, London W1A 1AA, Telephone 01-580 4468, ext. 4819.

Candidates, male/female, may obtain full details from the Personnel Office at the above address, telephone number 021-235 3370/1. Convancing will disqualify.

## BIRMINGHAM CITY COUNCIL

## KENT COUNTY COUNCIL

### COUNTY LIBRARY THANET DIVISION

### Divisional Children's Librarian

£3,981-£4,314 (including supplement)

To be responsible for promoting and developing children's services throughout the Thanet Division, which is one of the largest in Kent with three large libraries, five small branch libraries and two mobile libraries. Must be Chartered with relevant experience. Particulars and application form, returnable by 10 December, from: The County Librarian, Library Headquarters, Springfield, Maidstone ME14 2X, phone (0822) 674111, ext. 3212.

## ASSISTANT ARCHIVIST

(Sec. 63) - Haveringwest

Grade: AP3 £2,922-£3,282, plus £12 per annum salary supplement and the July 1977 pay award.

Applicants should be graduates with a Diploma in Archive Administration or equivalent, and have experience of running a school or college library. The successful applicant will be responsible for the day to day running of the library, including the acquisition, storage, and dissemination of materials, and the supervision of a small support staff. Applications should be sent to the Personnel Officer, Haveringwest, Havering, Essex, S.S.16 5JF.

Applications are invited for the post of Librarian, which will involve the day to day running of the library, including the acquisition, storage, and dissemination of materials, and the supervision of a small support staff. Applications should be sent to the Personnel Officer, Haveringwest, Havering, Essex, S.S.16 5JF.

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## LIBRARIANS

### CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL

(University of London)  
The post of Librarian is a full-time position, responsible for the day to day running of the library, including the acquisition, storage, and dissemination of materials, and the supervision of a small support staff. Applications should be sent to the Personnel Officer, Charing Cross Hospital Medical School, 11 St Andrews Place, Regents Park, London NW1 7BU.

Applications are invited for the post of Librarian, which will involve the day to day running of the library, including the acquisition, storage, and dissemination of materials, and the supervision of a small support staff. Applications should be sent to the Personnel Officer, Charing Cross Hospital Medical School, 11 St Andrews Place, Regents Park, London NW1 7BU.

Applications are invited for the post of Librarian, which will involve the day to day running of the library, including the acquisition, storage, and dissemination of materials, and the supervision of a small support staff. Applications should be sent to the Personnel Officer, Charing Cross Hospital Medical School, 11 St Andrews Place, Regents Park, London NW1 7BU.

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## NORTH HANTS COLLEGE TUTOR-LIBRARIAN

Qualified Librarian, preferably with teaching experience, required to act as tutor and Librarian. Salary Scale: Bursar Lecturer.

Further details and application forms, returnable by 16th December 1977, to: The Librarian, North Hants College, The Broadway, Leamington, Notts, Tel. 0462 63511.

## NORTH EAST LONDON POLYTECHNIC DANBURY PARK

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (£1,688 to £2,064 per annum depending on experience). The post involves the day to day running of the library, including the acquisition, storage, and dissemination of materials, and the supervision of a small support staff. Applications should be sent to the Personnel Officer, North East London Polytechnic, Danbury Park, London N11 1BQ.

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Librarian, which will involve the day to day running of the library, including the acquisition, storage, and dissemination of materials, and the supervision of a small support staff. Applications should be sent to the Personnel Officer, North East London Polytechnic, Danbury Park, London N11 1BQ.

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Librarian, which will involve the day to day running of the library, including the acquisition, storage, and dissemination of materials, and the supervision of a small support staff. Applications should be sent to the Personnel Officer, North East London Polytechnic, Danbury Park, London N11 1BQ.

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## Sotheby's

34-35 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W1A 2AA  
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